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NOVEMBER 18, 1969

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NATIONAL REVIEW

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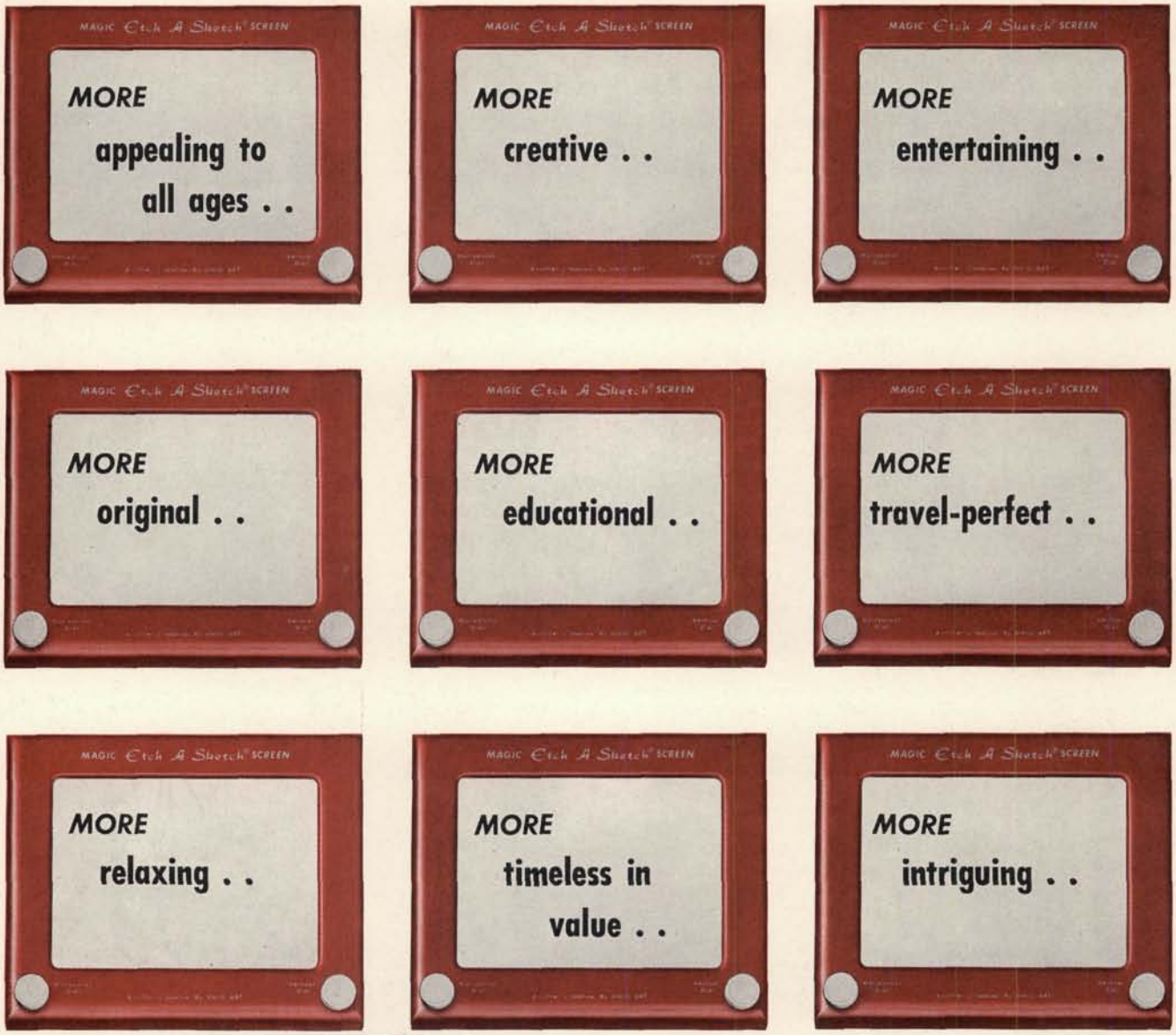
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For the first time in American history, a top vote strategist reveals the master plan that won the White House. It was a conservative strategy. Will Nixon stick with it now?

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As Congressman Paul Fino's aide, two years ago Kevin Phillips prepared memos outlining the ethnic composition of the New York Republican Party and showing how John Lindsay would be defeated in the Republican primary if he ran. You'll find the meat of these memos in this book, along with a host of other documents that predict political "things to come" across our nation.

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THE NORTHEAST

- Statistics prove that liberal Republicans fare little better in Negro precincts than conservatives.
- The vote-pattern split between German Jews and Eastern European Jews. The determining sociological factor in getting Jews to vote Republican.
- Puerto Rican backlash against Negroes in New York City.
- How Goldwater fared with Irish and Italian voters.
- The areas of fastest suburban growth: also the areas of greatest conservatism.

THE SOUTH

- Was Goldwaterism in the South a rural phenomenon? Phillips dismisses this liberal cliche.
- Populism vs. conservatism in the South.
- Dixiecrat areas that do not fit the popular image of being poor, uneducated, uncultured.
- Can Negroes in the Southern Black Belts hope to win statewide elections? What the statistics suggest.
- Wallace's vote gains over the 1948 Dixiecrats. "Unlike Thurmond, who left white Democratic loyalties untouched throughout much of the South, Wallace left few intact."

THE HEARTLAND

- How vote patterns in the Border States reflect migration patterns along the Ohio Valley, the Central Mississippi, and valleys of tributaries like the Kanawha, Scioto, Wabash, Kentucky, Missouri, Tennessee and Arkansas.
- Shaker Heights, Grosse Point and Winnetka as Establishment outposts, not typical Midwestern suburbs.
- 3 main issues affecting Farm Belt politics.
- Religion's role in the Great Lakes-Border states. Yankee Congregationalists vs. Butternut Baptists and German Catholics alike.
- Why does Milwaukee have "the longest bridge in the world?" ("Because it separates Africa and Poland.")
- Romney and Percy win with solid white "backlash" support — and few Negro votes.
- Why both slopes of the Rockies are considerably more conservative than the mountain core area.

THE PACIFIC

- Goldwater, though losing California in 1964, carries two fastest-growing counties. Conservative stream becomes torrent in 1966. What had happened in the interval?
- Liberal Establishment bailiwicks in California. How they ape Northeastern Establishment vote patterns.
- The two groups which settled Oregon, and their lasting influence. Why, more than any other state in the West, Oregon resembles the East.
- California's Negro-Mexican minority: large enough to provoke white anger, not large enough to achieve the balance of power.

ACROSS THE NATION

- "George Wallace's support was clearly an even more vehement protest against the Democrats than was Nixon's vote."
- "Considerable historical and theoretical evidence supports the thesis that a liberal Democratic era has ended and that a new era of consolidationist Republicanism has begun. To begin with, the 1932-68 Democratic reign spanned 36 years and a social revolution. History indicates that this is the usual longevity of an American political cycle."

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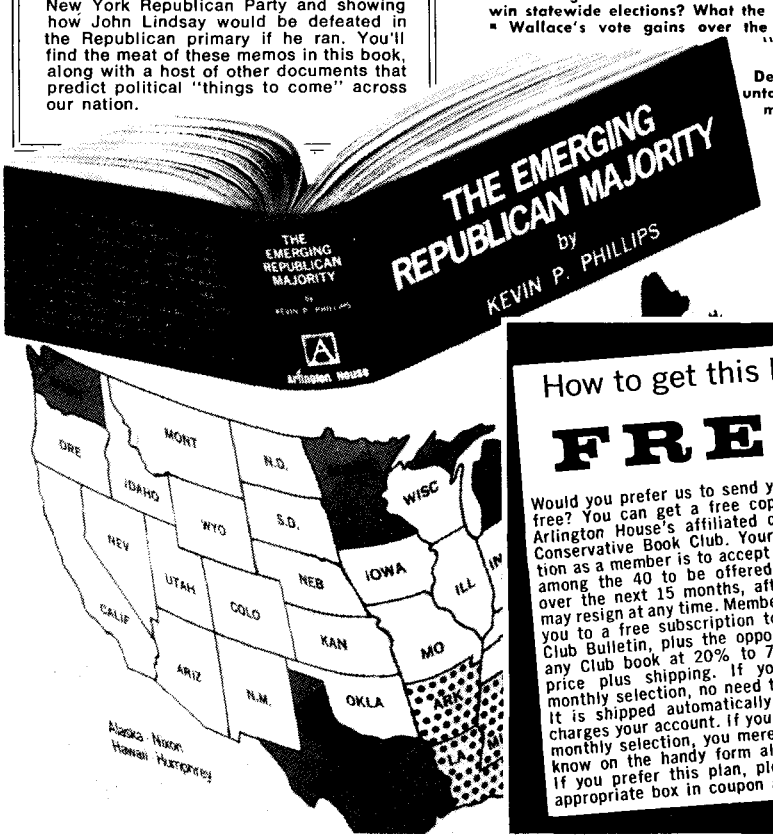

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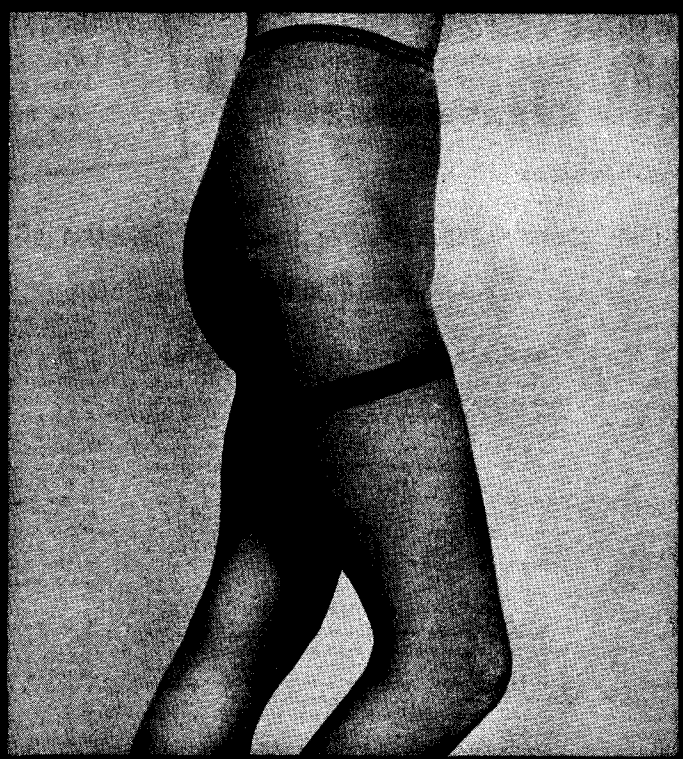

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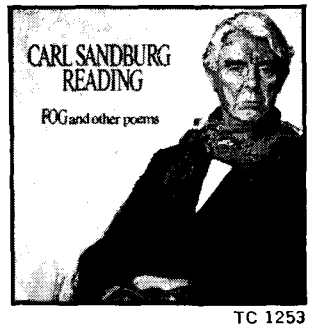

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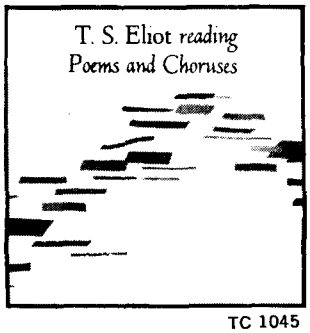

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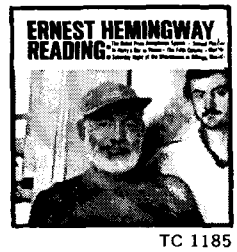

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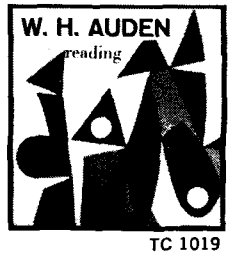

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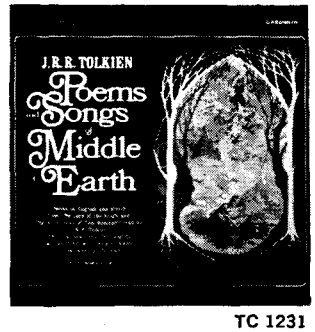

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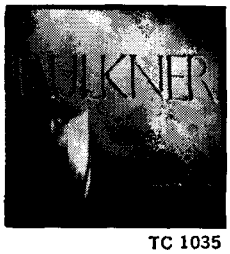
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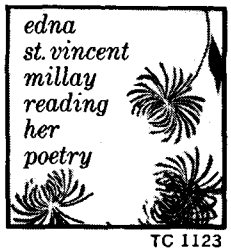

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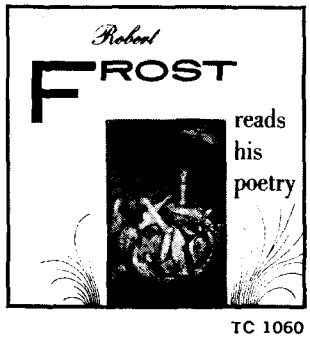

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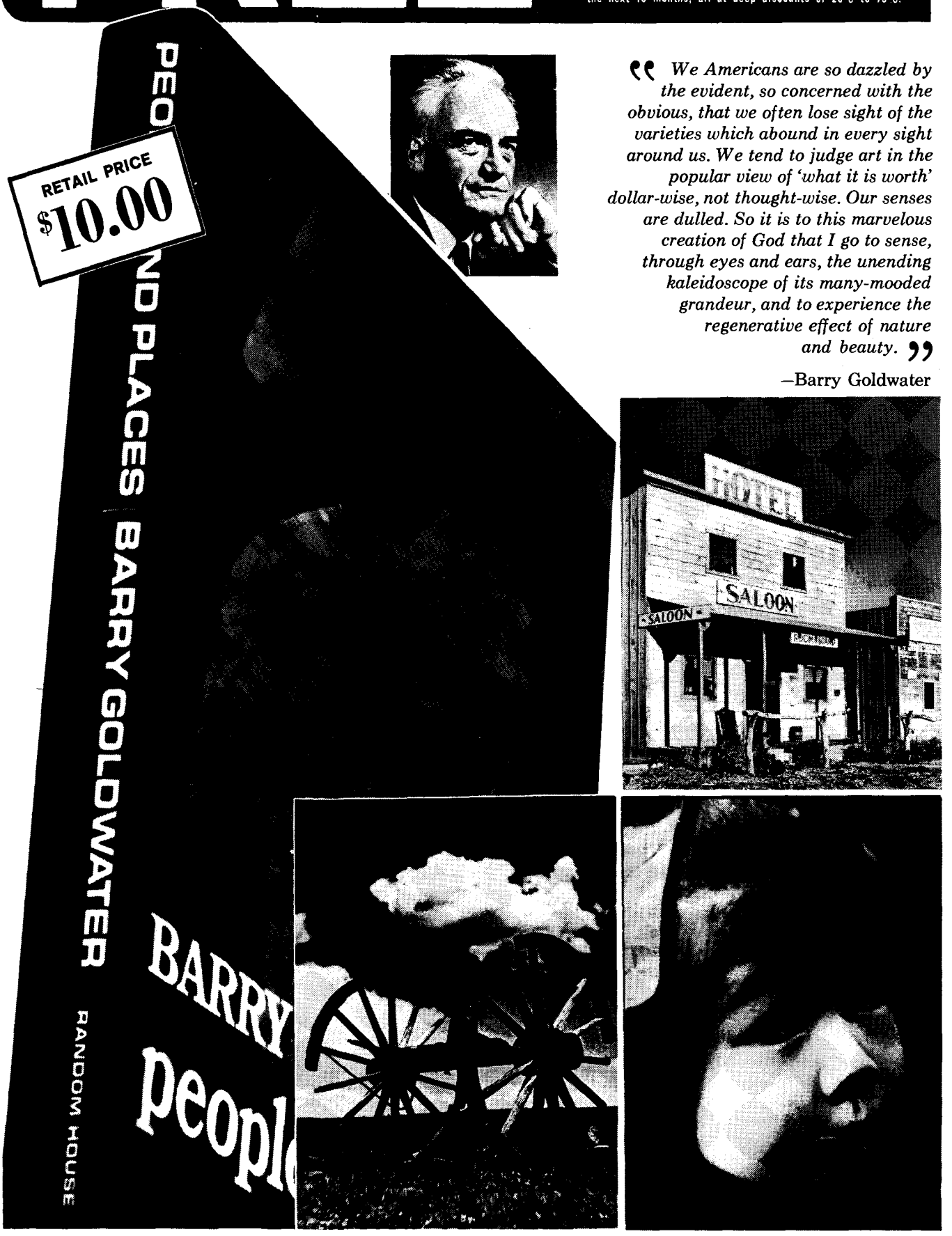

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FOR THE RECORD

■ Speaking up: Nine veterans organizations want to call Nov. 10-16 "National Confidence Week." **Charles Wiley**'s National Committee for Responsible Patriotism thinks it should be "Honor America Week." In any event both groups are calling on civic authorities to celebrate it by flying flags all week long. Individuals are asked on Nov. 11 to drive with headlights on, leave porch lights on all day, go to church, visit hospitals, put on "Honor America" and "Tell It to Hanoi" bumper stickers, decals and buttons. . . . Sen. **John Tower** will be featured speaker at freedom rally at Washington Memorial on Armistice Day, Nov. 11, 2 P.M. A gentleman in Corvallis, Oregon, retired army officer **Eugene Beard**, suggests that on the 11th minute of the 11th hour of the 11th day of the 11th month people signify their support for the President by stopping work, ringing bells, flying flags, going to church.

■ Organizers of the New Mobilization Committee sent President Nixon the speech they thought he should have made on Nov. 3 urging total surrender. It was written by Prof. **Howard Zinn** of Boston U. Exact demands of the NMC are: 1) immediate U.S. troop withdrawal; 2) withdrawal of all U.S. military equipment, including helicopters, and dismantlement of all U.S. bases; and 3) overthrow of the Thieu-Ky government after which we would, says NMC, "allow the people of Vietnam to decide their own fate."

■ Sidebars on the election: Charges of bias traded by Lindsay/Procaccino camps when **Lindsay** produced flyer showing him with Israeli Prime Minister Golda Meir (appeal to Jewish vote) and **Procaccino** countered with flyer showing Lindsay with Ibn Saud. . . . Final estimate was that Lindsay spent four times as much on the campaign as Procaccino and Marchi combined—maybe $3 million. . . . In final week of campaign a letter in *N.Y. Daily News* said: "I'm for Lindsay. Since he's been in office my business has doubled, I've put on three new men, I stay open 24 hours a day. /s/ Locksmith Joe." . . . **William C. Battle**, who lost the Virginia gubernatorial race to **Linwood Holton**, was skipper of the PT-boat that rescued Jack Kennedy from behind Japanese lines in the Second World War, a datum that didn't help to keep some Virginia Democrats in line. . . . Battle defeat could well result in party switch by Sen. **Harry Byrd**, who has been toying for some time with idea of pulling a Thurmond.

Waite, *The Sun*, London Ben Roth Agency

"You haven't changed into winter things already?"

■ **Adlai Stevenson III**, first in race to win Democratic nomination for Sen. Dirksen's seat next year, says he's "glad and proud" to have Mayor Daley's support—a statement he's going to regret when **Sargent Shriver**, and Rep. **Roman Pucinski**, who are also interested, get into the act. . . . In Ohio, former Sen. **Frank Lausche** is said to be interested in running for **Stephen Young**'s seat. His primary opponents of course would be **John Glenn** and **John Gilligan**. Gilligan beat Lausche in the primary in '68, later lost to Republican **William Saxbe**. . . . **George Romney** indicates he may take on Sen. **Philip Hart** next year. Hart, says Romney, "believes the solution to our problems is to shift them to Washington and throw a lot of money at them." . . . **Robert Morris**, former Counsel to the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, who ran unsuccessfully against **Clifford Case** in New Jersey in 1960, has thrown his hat into the ring for the Republican senatorial nomination in Texas—to run against liberal Democrat **Ralph Yarborough.** Morris' likeliest primary opponent—Congressman **George Bush**, another Northerner moved South. Bush beat Morris in a Texas primary in 1962. . . . Available to Kennedy fans: a new publication, *EMK, The Edward M. Kennedy Quarterly*, 24 mimeographed pages four times a year on what Teddy is saying and doing and what people are doing and saying about him. Odd.

■ A Russian translator, **Yuri Maltsev**, who appealed to the United Nations Human Rights Commission in May about treatment of intellectuals in Russia, has been imprisoned in a state mental hospital. . . . **Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn**, the genius who wrote *Cancer Ward*, a novel about the regime in state hospitals, was reported expelled from local writers union; further action against him is expected. . . . Prisoners in the British jail in which Soviet spy **Peter Kroger** had been held for nine years, staged a riot to protest his release. Kroger and his wife were exchanged for a handful of British citizens in Soviet jails.

■ No Christmas this year for Cubans. **Fidel Castro** has banned that and all other legal holidays until after the sugar harvest next July. . . . Know what name has the biggest listing in the Miami telephone book? It's not John Smith, it's **José Rodriguez**—104 times.

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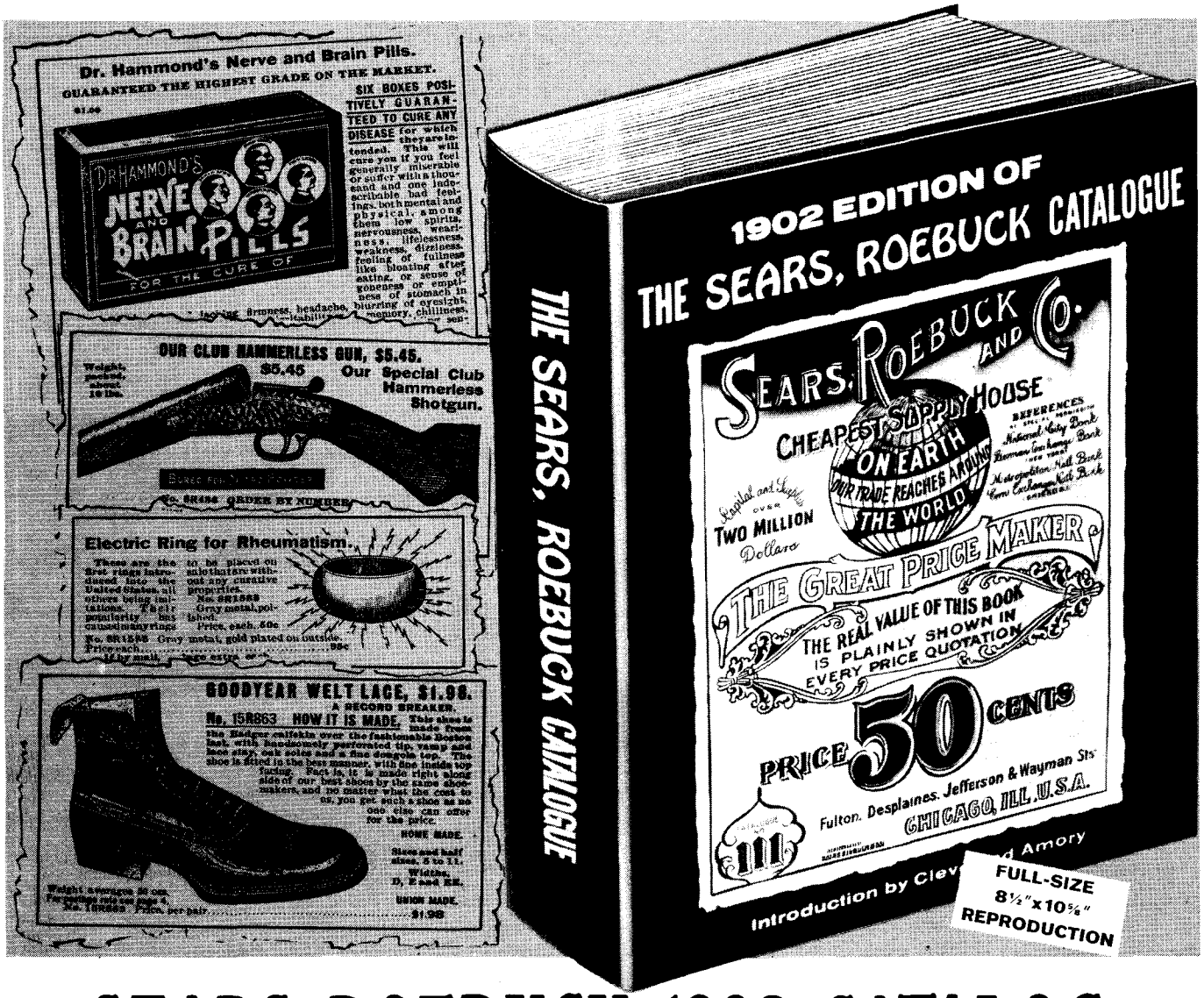
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IN THIS ISSUE

■ **Ralph de Toledano**, whose new book *One Man Alone: Richard Nixon* comes out this week, returns to *NR* after a too-long absence. Mr. Toledano analyzes the shoddy product that post-Luce *Time* has become and discusses its recent hatchet job on Judge Clement Haynsworth. Embodied in *Time*'s treatment is the quintessential irresponsibility characteristic of the attacks on Haynsworth. . . . **Ernest van den Haag** seconds President Nixon's November 3 statement on Vietnam. There are two choices now: tuck our tails or withdraw with honor. Van den Haag, like Nixon, finds the first alternative unfeasible. And not just because of obvious foreign policy considerations. A dishonorable bugout, says van den Haag, would have a disastrous effect on the domestic front. . . . Scotchmen still eat porridge with their fingers, **Auberon Waugh** tells those exotic creatures, typical American college students. Mr. Waugh, continuing his trip across the U.S., discovers a whole raft of them hiding out in Ann Arbor.

■ **John D. Kreuttner**'s state of euphoria—he's just back from a glorious vacation in Italy—was shattered by the first Herblock cartoon he picked up. What if Herblock were a conservative, he mused, and to the drawing board. The result: "Herblock Revisited." . . . **William F. Rickenbacker** takes to the air again and travels through all of American history in an hour and a half. . . . **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.** instructs Vice President Agnew in rhetorical precision and scolds those snobbish critics who impudently yelp after the Veep. . . . **Russell Kirk** writes about two studies of the past that are not getting reviewed in the litterary periodicals.

■ There'll always be a Crawfie, points out **Victor Gold**, and this one, a rather dishonest young man, is a particularly venomous one. *The Selling of the President 1968* has been well received, according to Gold, only because it is anti-Nixon. Actually, however, a pretty sloppy second-hand job of work. . . . **Theodore Sturgeon**, science-fictionist par excellence, reviews four works edited or written by Judith Merril, the author/editor most responsible for the recent SF renaissance. . . . **John Braine**, in a startling confession, reveals that he stands solidly with the squarest of the square. Namely, poor persecuted heterosexuals. Guaranteed to win no friends among the vidalistas. . . . **Richard Corliss** subjects himself to the Seventh New York Film Festival, groans under the dead dull weight of Susan Sontag's dreary cinematic abomination, but ends by enjoying several classics from the National Film Collection. . . . And for dessert, a sampler from *So You Want to be a Liberal?*

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The Twice-Fought War
KENNETT LOVE

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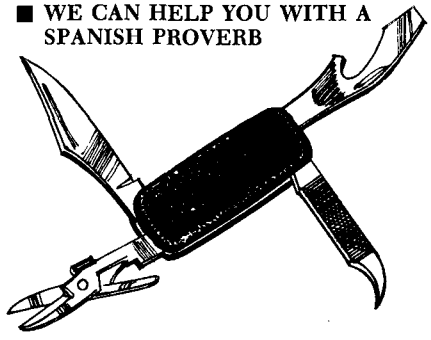

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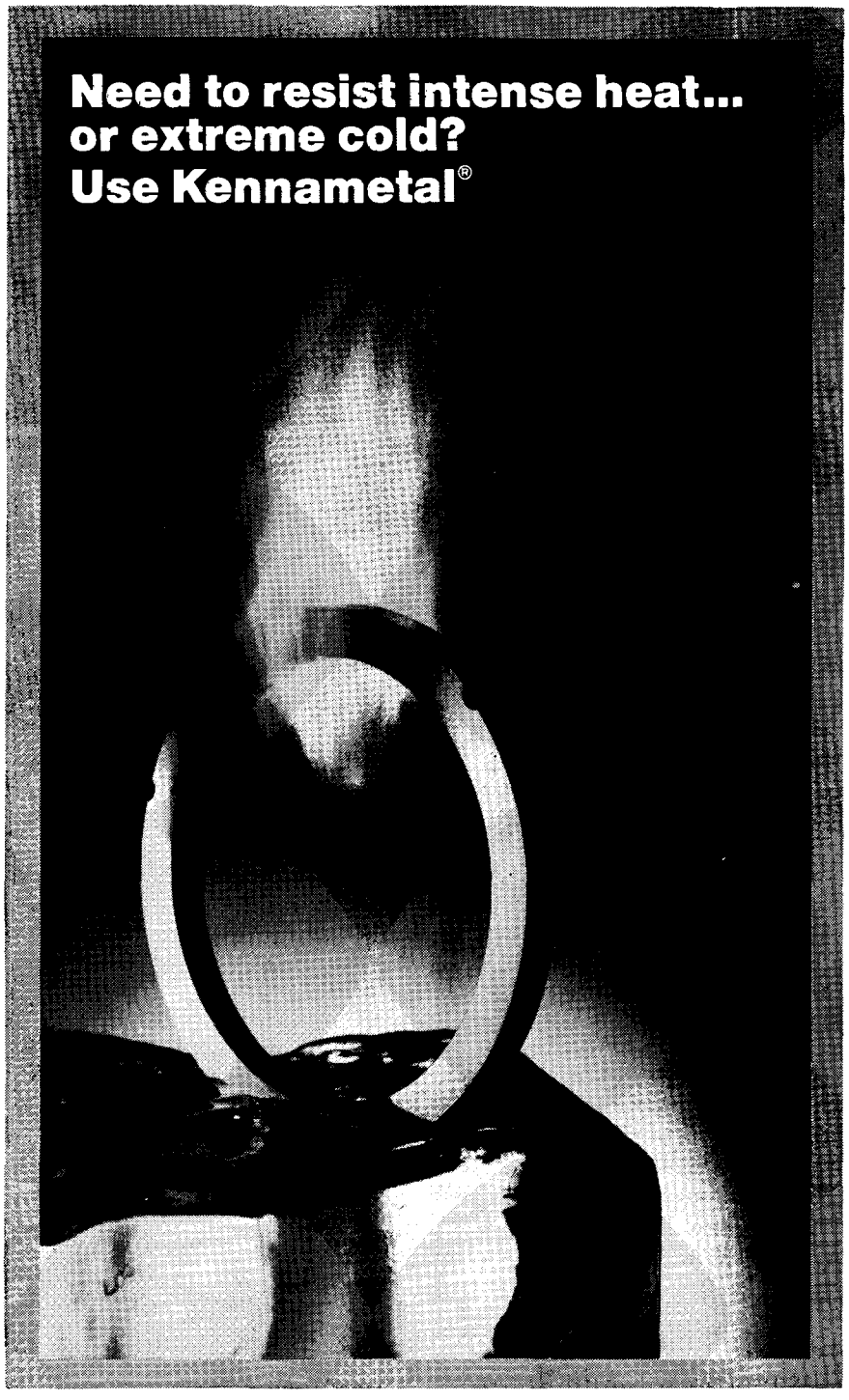

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LETTERS

NR and the Pope

As an orthodox, if not psalm-singing, Papist, I endorse heartily the sentiments of John Knox ["The Pope as Hamlet," Oct. 21]. Many of us have been waiting for this kind of fearless appraisal of Paul VI, who is, we are all agreed, something less than a *vir fortis cum fortuna mala compositus*. It is indeed time the monopoly on criticism was denied the radical church, although I trust we conservatives may exercise it, as inevitably we will do, more sanely. Speaking as a private person, I would add to Knox's accurate portrait the not unrelated suggestion that Vatican II, in its very essence, not merely in its unpredicted aftermath, was the greatest single blow to rock the Church since Reformation I. Pope Paul, reigning not yet gloriously, has still to prove himself the match of his tough-minded twentieth-century predecessors of happy memory: even Good Pope John would have known how to deal with the mischief-makers of the Low Countries and Detroit.

Brooklyn, N.Y. W. F. GLEESON JR.

While probably no man could have repaired fully the damage wrought by Hurricane John, the tragedy of Pope Paul is that he has refused even to try. One would have to go far back into history to find a pontiff so weak and indecisive.

Yet, on further reflection, is it not fitting that the Roman Catholic Church be captained by such a person in these times? How much integrity, sound principle and strength of purpose are left among the hierarchy and clergy? Even in the American hierarchy, supposedly fairly "conservative," who supports our efforts to stem the tide of Communism at home and abroad, or who condemns rioting and revolution, or who counters the blandishment of socialism and the welfare state? Fulton Sheen plays footsie with Saul Alinsky; Archbishop Cousins declines to lift a finger against Father Groppi; Cardinal Cushing is the house pet and court jester of the Kennedys; Cardinal Cooke is an innocuous third-rater babbling clichés and platitudes. The remainder of the hierarchy stands mute and impotent before cadres of neo-Marxist priests and nuns. Presiding over all this is the Tower of Weakness, Paul VI.

EDWARD F. CUMMERFORD
Garden City, N.Y.

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Sunnyside, N.Y. RAYMOND E. LOW

Travel Tip

Senator Kennedy's assurance to Mr. Buckley ["Notes & Asides," Oct. 21] that the DMZ "is not such a bad place" to reside since the bombing has been halted, is, like most of the Senator's other observations on Vietnam, simply wrong.

Since November 1, 1968, when all the bombing of North Vietnam was halted and there was an ostensible agreement with the North that there were to be no violations of the DMZ (moderate infiltration acceptable), the Communists have violated this area nearly nine thousand times.

Of the nine thousand violations, some 210 are considered "significant," that is, there was an exchange of fire in which property was damaged or casualties resulted. Of these 210 "significant" violations, 194 occurred in the southern half of the DMZ, the other sixteen occurring in the north with Communist anti-aircraft batteries firing on U.S. spotter planes.

In addition, there have been recent reports of North Vietnamese regular platoon-sized forces not only conducting raids in the southern half of the DMZ but actually deploying as well. North Vietnamese troops, some estimated twenty to fifty thousand, have moved down much closer to the DMZ since the bombing halt and are within a few days march of this area. Communist artillery has likewise moved down much closer to the DMZ and daily lobs shell after shell into U.S. and South Vietnamese positions, almost at will.

Also, it should be noted that of the areas hit in North Vietnam the DMZ was one of the least bombed, the majority of the attacks taking place further north around the nineteenth or twentieth parallel.

All in all, a nice place to visit, perhaps; but one would hardly want to live there.

Washington, D.C. JOHN D. LOFTON JR.

Down with the Remnant

I disagree with much of the educational philosophy that lies behind Headmaster A. William Olsen's letter to Hotchkiss parents reprinted in the October 7 issue of NATIONAL REVIEW, but I wish to comment especially on point four of his letter. Mr. Olsen writes: "The style and tone of a school are just as important as the substance of a school because they are the outward manifestation of inner beliefs. . . . By style we mean such matters as language, sportsmanship, basic courtesy to peers and elders, dress, regard for school rules and school principles."

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cently between young and old, is not differences in style per se, but the belief that particular styles are an "outward manifestation of inner beliefs." In this country, sadly, too many Americans have found it impossible to believe that a black man, or a shaggy and costumed student, might share the same inner beliefs given the differences that manifest themselves outwardly.

Certainly there is nothing wrong with a school or any other institution adopting and declaring a particular style. The only danger is in assuming that this style springs uniquely from certain inner virtues rather than recognizing that style is simply an expression of individual preference and group custom.

Perhaps Mr. Olsen would agree with much of what I say. I feel it important to clarify this point, however, because I believe that the public does not realize how many independent schools, enrolling today a far broader socio-economic range of students, have moved away from the "finishing school" stereotype wherein great emphasis is placed on matters of style, respectability, and conformity.

As for the rest of Mr. Olsen's letter, I am reminded of T. H. Huxley's remark about his four-year-old grandson Julian: "I like that boy. I like the way he looks you straight in the eye and disobeys you."

A. D. AYRAULT JR.
Headmaster
Seattle, Wash. The Lakeside School

Hazelton v. Coyne, Round Two

I would be curious to know what supplements to the diet Mrs. Coyne got from Mother Nature when she homesteaded in Alaska. Berries—game—venison—fish—I have known other homesteaders from that same valley who lived on the land to a great extent, and the greater fools if they hadn't. With that, and with the enterprise it takes to be a homesteader, you can live on much less than 66 cents a day per person. But the urban slum dwellers have no access to anything of the kind, and that's why I am sorry for them, and not for the slum dwellers of the Appalachians and other rural parts who can damn well get off their asses and grow themselves some food, as their forebears did.

I also think that Mrs. Coyne is optimistic about Southern cooking. I am not speaking of that of the gentry which gets into the cookbooks, but that of the rural slum people, the ones who have a yard full of beer cans and other trash and broken refrigerators and washing machines on the front porch, if they are so lucky. Of the *poor*, who are largely that poor because they are so ignorant and lackadaisical from a poor diet and so on and on. The health statistics of the truly Southern states are very illuminating in this respect. These are the people who come to New York, and being here does not make them any smarter or better informed, only more greedy. Perhaps they should learn by osmosis, but they don't, and they never had

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that mythical mother of Mrs. Coyne's, who knows how to cook, unless it is beans and pork cooked for four hours and the like—soul food at its worst, and it can't be beat. And I think it is very un-Christian to blame the poor and the ignorant for being that way when they don't know any better.

As for the nutrition in spinach, that went out with Popeye. And has Mrs. Coyne, whom I congratulate for being educated enough to live on less than 66 cents a day per person, ever really had anything to do with the real poor both here and in the real Southern slums—I mean the poor that in less genteel times were called *Lumpenproletariat*, who are ignorant beyond imagination, bigoted, diseased, dirty—yes, they do throw garbage out of windows—vicious and all that, but who still have souls? Or are they to be considered the way the West Indian English planters, all C. of E., and their parsons considered their slaves—as not worthy of baptism because that would have admitted that they had a soul?

And finally, has Mrs. Coyne ever thought of herself as being poor as against being broke? That is the difference between the likes of us and the really poor.

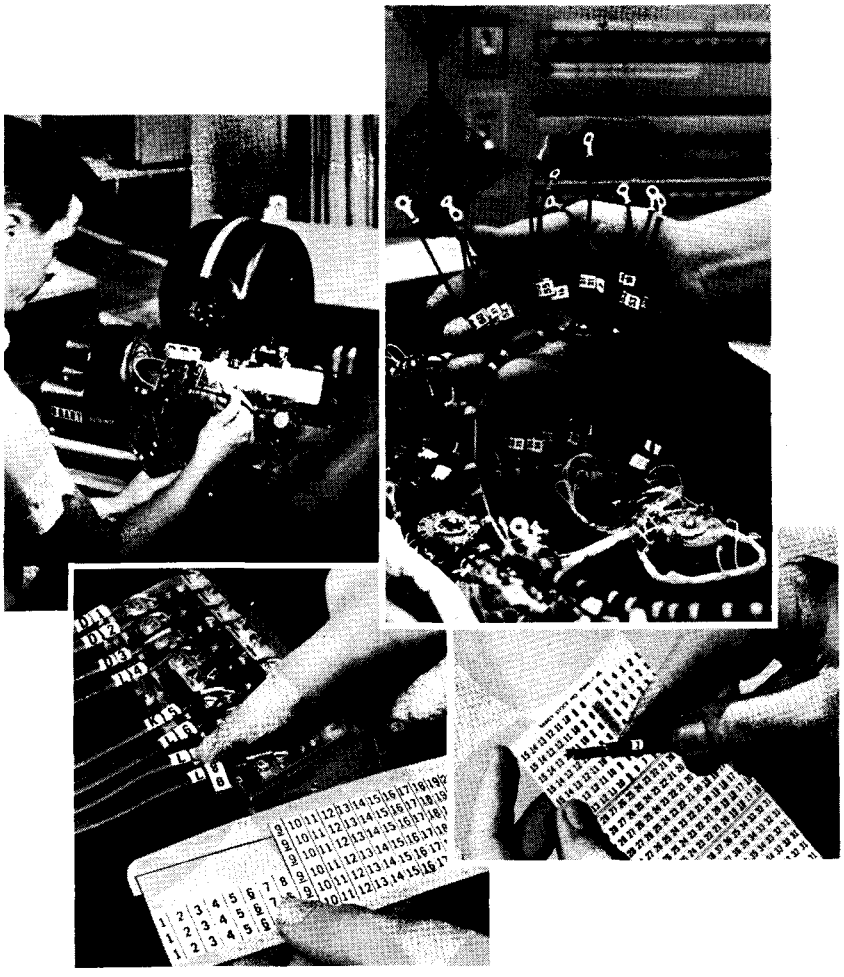
New York, N.Y. NIKA STANDEN HAZELTON

I don't quite understand Mrs. Hazelton's point. She apparently wants to establish that I've never been poor. I have been, and broke too. But that's hardly worth quibbling over. Does she really feel that there are people in this country who don't know that milk is good for children? That meat and vegetables are nourishing? I find it hard to credit, but if true then more money won't help them any more than the proposed nutrition class that they'd be too ignorant to attend.

The problem is one of morale, not of ignorance, and here is where Mrs. Hazelton's distinction between being poor and being broke is useful. What's the difference? Most basically the poor under discussion are on welfare. I can't imagine anything more detrimental to a family's pride than the knowledge that it can't support itself. And a family that lives with that sort of knowledge is not apt to be concerned primarily with the health of its children, no matter what the size of its welfare check.

Society has to find some way to make the poor want to get off welfare. Therefore it is actually against the poor's interest to give them more money than they need to subsist on and it is certainly against their interest to tell them that they *deserve* more money. When we do that we breed crazy situations. People expend their energies not in looking for jobs to get more money, but in marching on city hall to get more money. Welfare mothers scream with rage when the city regretfully is unable to raise their children's clothing allotment, and all the while their middle-class peers forage at rummage sales. A woman tells the tele-

(Continues on page 1179)



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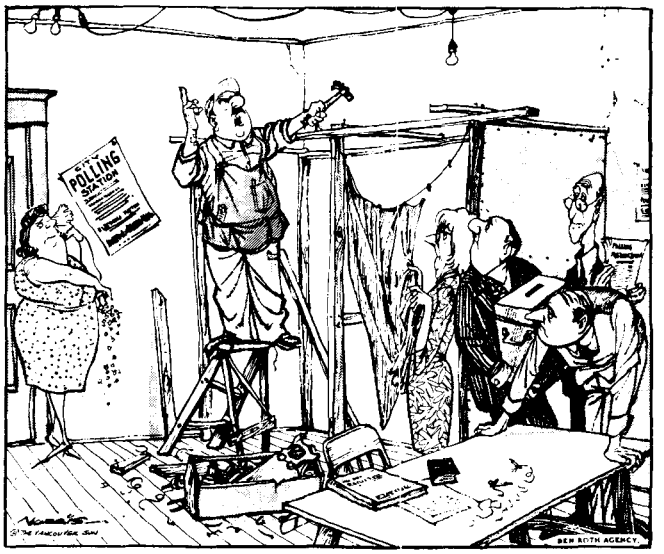
THE WEEK

■ There y'all are, sitting in the White House. It's October 1968, and Lady Bird's already started packing to go home to Texas. You want a nice warm welcome from your old friends back home, so what do you do? If you're Gentleman Bird, you make some calls and get 26 acres of government land in Austin transferred to a non-profit corporation that wants to put up a nursing home for old folks. The land's worth $2 million, but the transfer lists its value as $642,000, because, well, that looks prettier. Your old friends back home (one of them runs your TV and radio stations) turn right around and use them 26 acres as collateral for $8.5 million in government loans. The loans are okayed on January 20, your very last day in office, ain't that something. 'Course, some needle-nosin' old busybody like Senator Williams is bound to rake the whole thing up—but who in the Senate wants to listen to him, when they's big-time crooks like that Haynsworth to be dealt with?

■ Governor Ronald Reagan on inflation: "Inflation has the look of a windfall, the promise of a never-ending boom. In the parlance of those who turn on, it is a mind-expanding trip. The beneficiaries are mainlining with money; hooked on inflation. . . . We trip out by massive injections of economic speed, but soon profits fall, output drops, unemployment increases and the trip is over. It is now morning and the withdrawal symptoms are painful and we learn the man with the golden arm is only a guy with sticky fingers."



Norris, *Vancouver Sun* Ben Roth Agency

". . . Tomorrow a citizen can walk into this humble station, proud in his democratic right to choose his government, secure in the privacy of his choice, profoundly thankful for this hard-won freedom . . . and louse up his ballot."

■ November may mark a turning of the tide in the war protest movement. Demonstrations planned by the far-left New Mobilization Committee have failed to attract the middle-class liberals who backed October's Moratorium. Even arch-dove George McGovern has wondered out loud, "Can I really be seen on the same platform with [Mobilization co-chairman] David Dellinger?" (That is, if the judge in Chicago gives Dellinger a day off from his conspiracy trial.) It's possible that counter-demonstrations will overwhelm the protests. Americans opposed to surrender in Vietnam, buoyed by President Nixon's November 3 television address, are urging fellow citizens to fly American flags and burn car headlights and porch lights during National Confidence Week, which begins November 10, continues through Veterans' Day and winds up on November 16. If National Confidence Week overshadows the New Mobilization's March Against Death, then the nation may succeed in putting the peace-at-any-costers into permanent retreat.

■ No Senate voices have been raised more loudly in criticism of Swollen Pentagon Budgets than those of New York's Jacob Javits and Charles Goodell. Then came last month's announcement from the Pentagon that military expenditures would be trimmed by liquidating three hundred obsolete bases—among them a half-dozen located in New York. And no Senate voices were raised more loudly in criticism of Irresponsible Pentagon Cutbacks than . . . you guessed it.

■ More private than public attention is being paid to the current travels of an ex-governor of Alabama. There is no doubt that George Wallace senses paydirt in those Vietnam jungles: if Mr. Nixon's plans go awry, what an issue there will be! Mr. Wallace is keeping quiet these days, but the polls show that most of his 1968 following stays with him. His address in Montgomery says a good deal for him: "The Wallace Campaign," P.O. Box 1972.

■ A couple of months after being appointed Assistant Secretary of HEW by President Nixon, James Farmer signed a *NY Times* ad saying Nixon's ABM policy was "absolutely mad." A mistake, said Farmer, when asked about it. He had never authorized the use of his name. But then, a couple of months later, his name popped up again, this time attached to an ad criticizing the Vietnam policy. This time Evans and Novak got after Farmer and again the denial. And so to November, and *Ramparts* Magazine and the ad "Individuals Against the Crime of Silence" (silence about the "killing, burning and mutilating of people" in Vietnam by our soldiers) again signed by James Farmer among others. But we're not going to bug Farmer about it, any more than we'll complain to his co-signatories Bishop Pike and Thomas Merton.

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■ The Greek government—responding, presumably, to repeated accusations that it tortures political prisoners—has signed a pact with the International Red Cross, according to a *New York Times* dispatch from Athens. The Red Cross will open an office in Athens, the *Times* dispatch states, and "its staff will be authorized to observe the conditions of detention of all political prisoners, whether in exile, in prison, or provisionally detained at police stations." A note in passing: This dispatch, dated November 3 and evidently sent by the *Times*' own resident correspondent in Athens, a tried and true opponent of the Greek regime, appeared in the November 4 "City Edition," a small printing that is circulated mostly out of town. It is not to be found anywhere in the "Late City Edition," which is the massively circulated, authoritative printing.

■ When the last of the Red Chinese agents arrested in connection with the Hong Kong riots of 1967 was released a month ago, Peking sprang six British subjects—among them Reuters correspondent Anthony Grey—from house arrest. Last week, the Chinese picked up two elderly Britons—both in their seventies—who had lived in Shanghai for years, handy hostages to have when next Peking feels it wants to trade in human flesh.

■ Actually young Kim Agnew didn't want to march in a Moratorium day parade. She wanted to wear an armband like the other girls in her school, but her parents wouldn't let her. Was she unhappy about it? "Well," says Mrs. Agnew, "she wasn't very happy about it, but the same day she was trying to play her Beatles records backwards to see if there was a hidden message about Paul McCartney being dead. She's just a typical thirteen-year-old girl." With un-effete parents.

■ Okay, Artemus Ward, why did *you* vote for John Lindsay? *I met a man in Oregon who had no teeth. Not a tooth in his head, and yet that man could play the bass drum better than any man I ever heard.*

■ The new census bill is far from perfect, say anti-snoop forces, but it's a step in the right direction. People who don't feel like discussing their bathroom habits with bureaucrats may still be fined, but the jail sentence penalty has been discarded. And the U.S. Code provision for punishing those who divulge confidential census information has been significantly stiffened. Violators can now expect a fine of $5,000 and a possible five years in prison.

■ The conspiracy has struck again. Commentators made much of President Nixon's appeal to the "silent majority" in his Vietnam address, but apparently no one realized that The Silent Majority is an important—in fact, the third largest, behind the National Committee to Stick It in Their Ear and the Informed Sources Press Agency—member of the OUR PEOPLE'S Underworld conspiracy first exposed in these pages by the House Committee on Undemocratic Activities (*NR*, April 22). The hidden significance of Mr. Nixon's action thus becomes clear: aware that THEY, OUR PEOPLE'S archenemy, are sabotaging his anti-Communist foreign policy, the President slyly called for a show of OUR PEOPLE'S strength. The Silent Majority's overwhelming response is now a matter of record. THEY are furious.

■ "Nincompoops," he curtly called his critics. The Veep again? Wrong. It's U Thant, replying to a reporter's question about those who fault him for withdrawing Mideast peacekeeping forces. Intemperate. Does the Secretary General really believe that critics of his handling of the Israeli-Arab crisis constitute a corps of impudent nincompoops? One waits for the pack of national pressmen to drop Spiro Agnew's scent and pick up U Thant's.

■ Do you despair for the lost sense of values in our great country? Cheer up, Pilgrim, and tune in Channel 7 in San Francisco, which recently interrupted an afternoon showing of *Lust for Life*, starring Kirk Douglas as Vincent Van Gogh, for a Johnson & Johnson cotton swab commercial that began, "An important announcement for families with ears!"

The Commander in Chief Reports to the Nation

Of Mr. Nixon's November 3 report to the nation, we may ask: 1) Will it work at home? 2) Will it work in Vietnam?

What the President sought to do on the home front was to rally the support of a substantial portion of the citizens, and to appease, blunt or divert the opposition to his Vietnam course. In the positive aim he seems to have been successful, at least for the short run. His words were not exciting or inspiring in either the good or demagogic sense; Mr. Nixon is not and cannot be a charismatic sort of leader—that is not his fashion. He did communicate, convincingly, his deep concern, his care and thoughtfulness, and his unmixed sincerity. He explained difficulties, and revealed enough from the past to demonstrate the enemy's deviousness and intransigence in response to his own straightforward and conciliatory—perhaps too conciliatory—initiatives. He re-

Positive Thinking

With Lindsay in and me without
A victory to crow about,
It's tranquilizing to recall
How Spiro drives him up the wall.

W. H. VON DREELE

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fused, on intelligible grounds, to commit himself to details of numbers and dates. He declared his belief that, with patience and support at home, we can and will achieve a just, honorable peace. We can do so, he promised, even while, through the progressive Vietnamization of the war, we withdraw, fairly rapidly, all our combat troops from the theater. This we can do, the President declared, independently of the intentions of the enemy, whatever happens at the Paris negotiations.

The post-speech Gallup poll, the rush of telegrams to the White House, the general feel of popular opinion all showed that most Americans are ready to accept and trust what their President told them, and to go along with his policies as he outlined them, for a while longer. In his aim of quieting or countering the critics, Mr. Nixon was less successful. The immediate response of nearly all of them, both politicians and publicists, was to deride the address as "saying nothing new" and to resume their attack. This response was predictable, no matter what Mr. Nixon had said or promised, as he must have anticipated. He was appealing over the heads and around the flanks of the critics to those he terms "the silent majority," on the calculation that with its support he can maintain his course and at the same time isolate the opposition from the mass of the population, so that it will tend to wither. The calculation will be having its first test this week, from the second round of the Moratorium. If this fails to show a big expansion in participants and dynamism from the first round, the Moratorium movement will almost surely decline rapidly. Significantly, several of the senators who joined round one pulled out in advance from round two.

So the address did rather well at home. And in Vietnam? The Saigon government expressed itself as well pleased; Hanoi loudly condemned. Again, predictable; and, on the whole, encouraging. But there is no doubt that Mr. Nixon's words did not explain a military and political strategy adequate to accomplish his declared ends of honoring our commitment to the South Vietnamese people, permitting them a choice of government free of Vietcong and North Vietnamese coercion and aggression, and safeguarding our own global security.

The enemy has not yet been defeated in the field. How, we repeat as we have often done, can he then be brought to accept defeat—for the achievement of our ends would mean the defeat of his declared goals—at the conference table? As the President himself pointed out, the enemy has in fact agreed to nothing in conference except the shape of the table. If Vietnamization is effective and fast enough, perhaps Mr. Nixon can withdraw troops as quickly as public opinion and election dates dictate. But neither Hanoi nor Peking nor Moscow has announced any Vietnamization program for the North. If we hold on firmly and long enough, the just and honorable peace may be possible even through the unorthodox military tactics we seem to have adopted: how many a just and honorable peace has been won by withdrawal? In reality, the question of Nixon's home front and his Vietnam front are in the long run one question. The President will solve his, and our, problem on the one front only if he is also solving it on the other.

The New York Election

(With Apologies to *U.S. News and World Report*)

Lindsay waged a very skillful campaign. Principal effort: recapture of defected Jewish vote. Principal weapon used: gung-ho on Moratorium, assiduous bloc-courtship ("Why Is This Election Different from All Other Elections"?). . . . Money an enormous factor. Lindsay spent an estimated $3 million. Marchi, although the official Republican candidate, was helped not at all by the national organization or by Governor Rockefeller. . . . Spectacular ineptitude of Mario Procaccino major factor.

"This is not what we had in mind, sir!"

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Comptroller became municipal laughing stock, alienated many Democratic voters and moderates. . . . *New York Daily News* poll prevented effective realignment. When the *News* poll was announced on October 19 giving Lindsay unexpected but enormous lead of thirteen points, voters who opposed Lindsay were confused. The argument that Marchi people should go to Procaccino was discouraged by length of Lindsay lead; not enough of them could readily be deployed. Some Procaccino people thought, well, if Lindsay's going to win, let's vote for the best man even though he is low down the ladder, and eased over to Marchi. . . . *News* poll stalled Marchi and Procaccino movements, dried up funds, sapped campaigns of important home-stretch enthusiasm. *News* poll on day before election showed historic lead by Lindsay (48) over Procaccino (27) with Marchi trail-

Looking Over Nixon's Shoulder

History may never repeat, but there are some remarkable parallels. Witness the agonizing dilemma of President Richard Nixon, caught in the frustration of the Vietnam war abroad; at home, besieged by the massive "peace" campaign initiated and applauded by the enemy himself, encouraged by well-known public figures seeking the President's humiliation, and supported by many well-meaning Americans who yearn for peace.

A little over a century ago, another American President faced as grave a dilemma, in a war which was undoubtedly the most brutal and bloody conflict in our history. The summer and fall of 1864, during our Civil War, brought overtures of peace from Confederate emissaries who were fully aware of the growing frustration and war-weariness in the North. Historian Richard N. Current has described how Horace Greeley, influential Republican editor of the *New York Tribune*, and other well-meaning citizens "caught at the Confederate peace offers, irregular and often insincere though these were. The effect was to put Lincoln on the spot. Unless he accepted the offers, which were illusory, he would seem to stand in the way of what everybody, North and South, desired—peace."

The question facing Lincoln was this: Should he choose the easiest and most politic way out, as "peacemaker"? Even though he knew full well that by this act he would nullify the hundreds of thousands of lives already sacrificed in the war, and abandon the major issues on the war—Union and slavery—while those issues were still in doubt?

Then, as now (regarding Vietnam), there was little clear understanding across the nation as to what had started the war, or what it was to accomplish.

Then, as now, there was rising resentment over the ever-lengthening casualty lists. American deaths in the Civil War were to reach the unbelievable total of 600,000 with almost 1,250,000 additional casualties. By extrapolating from population figures, this would be equivalent to about 3,800,000 war deaths today.

Then, as now, there was growing resentment against conscription. In New York City, the Draft Riots of July 1863 caused injury or death to more than four hundred people. It took three days to quell the mob that destroyed records and halted all business. Desertions from the Union Army averaged six hundred daily that spring, after the Army of the Potomac had lost at Fredericksburg.

Then, as now, newspapers editorialized that the war had been "criminally prolonged" and was "unjustifiable and sinful."

Then, as now, there were doves and there were hawks. One dove senator was ex-President Franklin Pierce, who, at a "moratorium" in New England, "hurled contempt at the Washington Government," according to Carl Sandburg, "and spoke words in such close sympathy with the enemy that any listener accepting his arguments would have been justified in joining the enemy camp."

Although Abraham Lincoln could not have known the term "bugout," he undoubtedly understood the concept, as well as the temptation. And though he was a master politician who could compromise and maneuver with the best of them, he refused to do so when the nation's welfare or survival was at stake, even if it were politically expedient.

Great challenges, he realized, bring opportunities for greatness. He remained true, in the end, to those eloquent words he had spoken, while still a relatively unknown Midwestern lawyer, at Cooper Union: "Neither let us be slandered from our duty by false accusations against us, nor frightened from it by menaces of destruction. . . . Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith, let us, to the end, do our duty as we understand it."

Lincoln obviously believed, as does President Nixon, that national policy should not be determined in the streets—that neither a well-organized demonstration nor a disorganized mob is a legitimate referendum. And though he seemed to stand almost alone in his determination, he said he would "maintain this contest until successful, until I die, until I am conquered, or my term expires, or Congress and my country forsake me."

As a result of his firmness, he was probably the most vilified of public figures during his lifetime; his Administration was called "wicked and contemptible," and he himself was called in newsprint, "scoundrel," "tyrant," "despot," "dictator" and "perjured traitor."

But another even more lasting result is that, in death, he still remains after a century the symbol of freedom . . . to all men who yearn for freedom everywhere.

—Donald M. Kudrec

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ing (23). As vote came in, Marchi got his 23. But Lindsay came tumbling down to 41, Procaccino up to 35. A colossal error. Possible result: decline in confidence in *News* poll in years ahead, a development all parties would welcome. *News*' motives are not suspect: the newspaper backed Marchi. . . . Lindsay's victory greatly helped liberals in New York, greatly hurt Republicans. He is in clear charge of New York City. What does it do for him statewide or nationally? If he stays on as Republican, Lindsay faces consolidating hostility of mainstream Republicans who will take a fix on Lindsay's politics and appeal (he has appeal of Eugene McCarthy and for identical reasons). Lindsay can't challenge Rockefeller for Republican gubernatorial nomination (Rock would win), or Goodell for senatorial nomination (ideological fratricide). . . . There is strong possibility Lindsay will go over to Democratic Party. Principal advantage: Democrats greatly disunited with disappearance of Kennedy as candidate-presumptive. No ideological difficulties, except maybe with moderate Democrats. Could get backing of both Liberal and Democratic Parties for either governor or senator. Most likely, he would oppose Rockefeller (whom he dislikes). Could count on New York Conservative Party backing a third candidate, draining strength from Rockefeller. Lindsay, backed by Liberals and Democrats against Rockefeller, opposed by Conservatives, would probably win, and be ripe to oppose Nixon in 1972. Danger: he is more conspicuous as formal Republican than as Democrat. Anomalies stand out. . . . Extremely important to Rockefeller to mend fences with Conservatives, but unlikely he can at this late date. And he probably figures it would cost him vital liberal New York support if he did. The big loser: New York City.

Meanwhile, in America

New York, thank God, is, well, New York. We can mix ourselves up for months figuring out just what happened there November 4 and why and where it is or should be leading. But the record for the nation is more clear-cut and, on the whole, encouraging.

Representative William T. Cahill is not our favorite Republican, so far as his policies have gone, but he is on all counts to be preferred to Democrat Robert B. Meyner, and he beat Meyner hands down for governor of New Jersey, in spite of a campaign of demagogy and personal smear by Meyner, who had the all-out support of the AFL-CIO and the apparatus of incumbent Governor Hughes.

In Virginia, Linwood Holton became the first Republican since Reconstruction to win the governorship, in a campaign that was given special national significance through speeches on location by Governor Reagan, Vice President Agnew and the President. The old Byrd machine would seem to be kaput—and the "Southern strategy" marching triumphantly along. Mr. Nixon also spoke in New Jersey for Cahill, and did not speak in New York, thus proving how accurately he was on target.

These were the only two gubernatorial contests, and they brought the total of Republican governors to 32 out of fifty; pretty good for the minority party. The mayoralty election results—New York always and everlastingly excepted—showed a general swing toward firmer-talking, sometimes strongly law-and-order, candidates: in most cases both successful and unsuccessful candidates had talked rather firm campaigns. The swing was discriminating, however. In Cleveland, for example, Carl Stokes, Democrat and Negro, had proved himself an able, intelligent and responsible mayor. With the help of considerable white support, he won a decent, hard-fought contest against Republican Ralph Perk.

The Supreme Revolutionary Tribunal?

The decree just issued by the Supreme Court ordering Southern schools to integrate "at once" rather than "with all deliberate speed" is the latest of the series of judicial decisions flowing from *Brown* v. *Board of Education of Topeka*. That these decisions involve the relations of whites and Negroes—involve, that is, a matter of enormous psychological complexity that runs like some sinister thread through American history from its beginning—has focused attention upon the racial rather than the constitutional question.

Yet for all of our current preoccupation with race, the constitutional question may in the end be seen to have been an even deeper issue, for, in the years since *Brown* (1954), a shift, revolutionary in potential if not quite yet in fact, has been taking place in our constitutional system. And in only one of its several aspects has this shift involved race.

The revolutionary essence of the shift has been the seizure of more and more legislative power by the

And the Beat Goes On

They're in for life, so when they say
They will not stand for more delay,
Instead of making one more lunge
I'm simply throwing in the sponge.
I know the arguments by heart:
They'll tear the public schools apart.
The rich get off; the poor get stuck.
The North's a place they will not buck.
It does no good to ridicule
Their grandsons in a private school.
So here's to Burger's first decree!
And here's to rank hypocrisy.

W. H. VON DREELE

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Supreme Court through an a-historical and immensely expanded interpretation of the "equal protection" clause of the Fourteenth Amendment. No state, so the clause reads, shall "deny to any person within its boundaries the equal protection of the laws." In *Brown*, but also in its prayer decision and in its reapportionment decision, the Court based its action upon this provision: non-prayers and urban voters were not being "equally protected" by the laws. Therefore redistricting, desegregation, no praying.

But the process of interpretation is now pressing forward with a logic of its own. Not only, the justices suggest, does the clause inhibit the states from taking "unequal" actions; it also obliges them, if necessary, to bring into being circumstances providing "equal protection." State inaction, as Justice Goldberg has reasoned, is in fact a form of action. Faced by state "inaction," therefore, the Court, through its decrees, has moved deeply into the legislative area. Under its interpretation of the Fourteenth Amendment, as Adolf Berle observes in his new book *Power*, the Court has acted "not only to strike down discriminatory laws, but also to *create* non-discriminatory conditions," and this has involved "judicial legislation on an extremely wide front."

As vast new areas of our national life become the direct concern of federal and state law, the prospects for such judicial legislation under the Fourteenth Amendment become wide indeed. The Employment Act of 1946, for example, places upon the Federal Government the responsibility of "promoting maximum employment, production and purchasing power." What might "equal protection" by this law be deemed to mean? Education, poverty, medical care—all, increasingly, are the concern of laws, and so, prima facie, subject to the equal protection clause. As Berle speculates plausibly: "It is by no means beyond possibility that in a couple of decades the conception of 'equal protection of the laws' may require enactment of a guaranteed income to everyone at some level. . . . Might not the Supreme Court rule, first, that government (presumably federal) had already entered the field of guaranteeing most individuals against destitution and, second, therefore rule that failure to provide such protection for all denied equal protection?" The Court would thus move from re-drawing school districts and congressional districts to designing economic policy.

Through its interpretation of the Fourteenth Amendment, then, the Court has moved ever more deeply into the legislative area, its decrees becoming law irrespective of the nominal legislative bodies, Congress and the state legislatures. Instead of acting as a brake upon government action until there came into being a deliberate sense of the community, which was its traditional practice, the Court today situates itself far out ahead of that deliberate sense. By a number of its decisions on critical issues, it has in fact set itself up as a supreme legislative body; and yet it is elected by no one. In its exercise of legislative power the Court is responsible to no one; its power therefore is, precisely, irresponsible. And its power is enormous; indeed it is potentially unlimited—since, if you really set about making people equal, there is no stopping place.

We have been told that the Court follows the election returns, but this "instant integration" decree, not to mention the earlier prayer decision, suggests that Mr. Dooley's observation may no longer hold. But in the last analysis, the Court's power is only what the community chooses to give it; the Chief Justice has even fewer divisions than the Pope. It is hard to believe that the members of the Court will become so far removed from reality as to carry their defiance of the community's profounder sentiments over the revolutionary brink. If they should attempt to do so, they are likely to find that they are themselves the first victims of the revolution.

Total Confrontation

"A rotten, low-life, lying fascist dog." "You rotten fascist pig. You liar, you liar, you're a liar." With such screams of invective, Black Panther leader Bobby Seale, one of the Chicago Eight, relentlessly disrupted his trial. What was Judge Julius Hoffman to do? "I will not listen to this invective," said Hoffman. "I've been called a racist, a fascist, and I didn't think I'd live to sit in a courtroom where a judge was criticized for having George Washington's picture on the wall." ("George Washington was a slave owner," Seale had shrieked.)

Therefore scene two: Seale sitting chained to his chair by leg irons and handcuffs, emitting muffled obscenities at Hoffman through a gag of muslin and tape. The gag is reinforced. Seale is reduced to muffled "oinks." Outside, pickets wearing gags parade with signs characterizing Hoffman as a Nazi, demanding that Seale be freed.

The point of it all is histrionic. Seale and his supporters know that Hoffman is not a Nazi and not a fascist. The language is purely expressive, intended to express their total contempt for and alienation from the American system as such. Implicit is a buried metaphor: They hate America *as if* it were Nazi Germany. Seale's behavior inside the courtroom was calculated to create a kind of second, or visual metaphor: the black man, bound and gagged, becomes a concrete symbol of the New Left's antagonistic myth of America, i.e., America has, psychologically, economically and socially, bound and gagged the Negro, the dissenter, even the Vietnamese.

This kind of theater, of course, is central to the New Left strategy. The left tacticians, aware of the fact that they are nowhere nearly strong enough to bring about a revolution through conventional tactics, attack obliquely through symbolic behavior: the irrational zaniness of Abbie Hoffman, the use of wild hyperbole, the freaky clothes. All is symbolic of an adversary relationship to the rest of the nation. →

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Even William Kunstler, the defense lawyer, got into the symbolic act, demanding a halt to the "medieval torture" being imposed upon Seale. Kunstler's metaphor is easily explicated: Hoffman, the embodiment of American justice, is a medieval torturer. The Middle Ages, in progressive mythology, were ignorant and cruel. And the Middle Ages came to an end. Thus, America will be vanquished by Renaissance and Enlightenment, i.e., the progressive forces of history.

The trouble is, Hoffman is running a real trial: his garden actually exists and the toads in it are far from fictitious. Testimony must be heard, and the evidence presented to the jury. If a verdict of guilty is returned, a real sentence must be passed (and, doubtless, the case pushed up to a real appeals court). Therefore Seale must be kept quiet. And ultimately was, when Judge Hoffman declared a mistrial in his case and sentenced him to four years in jail on sixteen counts of contempt.

Judge Hoffman's behavior has been intermittently flamboyant, which, insofar as it will provide ammunition for an appeal, is to be regretted. And yet, to face day after day those waves of New Left symbolic hatred can take an almost supherhuman patience. This is a lesson now being learned by all representatives of authority—deans, policemen, political leaders, and now Judge Hoffman. But control must be maintained, the New Left gambit turned aside. And there are veterans of the confrontation with the New Left who have learned a further truth: that their own anger can itself, becoming profound enough, generate such discipline.

It helps, too, to be a bit of a metaphorist oneself. If, instead of binding and gagging Seale, Judge Hoffman had created his own symbolism by confining this fanatic in a glass booth like the one used for Adolf Eichman he would have made a nice point indeed.

Chappaquiddick Mystery

The Supreme Court of Massachusetts has granted Edward Kennedy's request for a closed inquest. The Court's argument is technically plausible: the publicity generated by open hearings might make it difficult to hold a fair trial, if in fact criminal proceedings do issue from the inquest.

Kennedy's position, however, is baffling. He must know —though the Court has no way of knowing—whether or not the inquest is likely to result in a trial. If the answer is that a trial is unlikely, then the Court's justification for a closed inquest is a theoretical proposition irrelevant to Kennedy's situation, and he would not be penalized by open hearings. Beyond this, on the assumption that he has nothing to hide, open hearings would seem to be very much to his advantage. As a recent poll shows, doubts are spreading about every facet of his story. Only a full disclosure of the facts, again assuming that he has nothing to hide, can put an end to this erosion of public confidence.

The public, indeed, has a right to such a full disclosure. Kennedy is not only a Senator from Massachusetts, but a leader of the Democratic Party, its Senate whip, a national spokesman for a large constituency. He presumes to lecture President Nixon, and the rest of us, on such topics as the morality of the war and the morality of the selective service system. He will no doubt vote against Judge Clement Haynsworth on the grounds that an "appearance of impropriety" exists. He therefore has the obligation to dispel the apppearance of impropriety that exists in his own case.

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley: How do you square your "goddams" with your Catholicism? Are you *really* blaspheming (which I tend to doubt), or is there some distinction between "goddam" (*NR*) and "God damn" with which I'm not familiar? If so, I'd be interested to know how one makes this distinction in the *spoken* word; also, to have your definition and understanding of "goddams," not in *my* dictionary.

Ann Jones
New York Hilton Hotel

—Dear Miss Jones: No, I am not really blaspheming, or in any case, do not mean to be blaspheming, blaspheming being one of those things I am against. "Goddam" is nowadays a simple expletive, an intensifier. It is that by cultural usage. In the most cloistered convent in Catholic Spain, you will hear from the venerable lips of an aged nun, "Jesus Mary and Joseph, I forgot my umbrella!" "I would pray hard to his Maker to save his soule notwithstanding all his God-damnes," a writer is quoted by the Oxford English Dictionary as saying in 1647, back when they were fighting religious wars. Three hundred years later, the American Heritage Dictionary of the English Language lists "God damn" and *"goddam" as "a profane [i.e., a-religious] oath, once a strong one invoking God's curse, now a general exclamation . . . used as an intensive."* —*WFB*

■ Dear Mr. Buckley: Being buffeted by the blows of the liberal Northeastern press was predictable, but the zinger from you [see p. 1182] hit a tender spot. I am really not sure you are qualified to judge my skill in polemics on the basis of a couple of wire stories and an illusion perpetrated by a hostile media. I have always felt I was reasonably able to express myself lucidly. I once made a pretty good living as a trial lawyer and taught for seven years at the University of Baltimore law school.

Like Gore Vidal, I can be rather stubborn in my de-

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fense. Because I believe that anyone who thinks like Bill Buckley can't be all bad, I hope to be given a chance to furnish a little better insight into my personality and background. As a starter, you will find enclosed a copy of a speech I delivered to a group of Negro leaders after the Baltimore riot and the controversial New Orleans speech. I selected these because they are my product, not that of a speech writer.

Sincerely,
Spiro T. Agnew

P.S. Perhaps better than either enclosure mentioned above is the additional one—my Harrisburg, Pennsylvania speech to be delivered October 30 [See p. 1183].

■ Dear Bill: *New York* Magazine is planning a special year-end issue with a selection of short contributions from influential people, and I hope you will want to participate.

I am asking each person to write fifty to two hundred words on the following question:

"If you had the power, what is the one change you would make immediately in New York City?"

The deadline for your answer is November 24, and we pay an honorarium of $50.

Sincerely,
/s/ Clay
Clay Felker
Editor

—Dear Sirs: In answer to your recent query, if I had plenipotentiary power in New York City I would decree that Mr. Clay Felker should be required to answer his mail.

Yours faithfully,
WFB
(See *NR*, Oct. 21)

■ Dear Sir: Again you are sticking up for a WAR that decent people do not want. I was a WAVE on Admiral Ernest King's staff (in fact one of six personal secretaries to him), a sister was a Navy nurse and a brother is presently flying B-52 bombers, being a major in SAC—so our Americanism cannot be questioned—but fighting alongside a bunch of slant-eyed trash, blackmarket dealers all, not worth the powder to blow them up is another matter. How dare you bring up the ridiculous matter of saying the people voted for Nixon, meaning they want this war to continue. RICHARD NIXON IS THERE ONLY BECAUSE OF THE DEATH OF ROBERT KENNEDY AND DON'T YOU EVER FORGET THAT—AND BECAUSE HE SHOT OFF HIS BIG MOUTH AND SAID HE HAD A FORMULA TO END THE WAR—THAT HE COULDN'T SEE HOW THE UNITED STATES COULD BE SCARED OFF BY A FOURTH-RATE POWER and he would do something about it. That is what got him elected.

Further, how dare you talk against the brilliant Senator Edward Kennedy—his record in government for one so young is marvelous and will be in the White House, too, never fear, someday. I read in a book some months ago all about the Buckleys—their envy of people like the Kennedys, their looks, money, et al.—and that people like you resent with all your being the fact that though there is money there, you are just not quite the big fish that the Kennedys are—WELL, NO ONE WILL EVER MATCH THEM—one family did—THE ADAMS FAMILY long years ago.

You are not so old—why don't you go over with Thieu and Ky—whom you stick up for against Senator Kennedy and Senator McGovern—why aren't you over there. Were you ever close to battle in your life—except with your big, insufferable mouth, with its smug, unfeeling words, and no heart for the suffering of this world.

That's all—please answer. Incidentally, I will be going to Europe for five weeks so save your reply till the end of November.

Very truly yours,
(Mrs.) Anna Marie Shinn
426 Springdale Avenue N.E.
Atlanta, Ga.

P.S. Read *Once an Eagle* by Anton Myrer—that's our military all over in this day and age—a bunch of self-loving and war-loving creeps generals of World War I and II wouldn't even look at.

Dear Madam: I can't wait until the end of November because at the end of November I SHALL BE IN VIETNAM. *Why don't you come along. I know* THE GENERALS WOULD LOVE TO SEE YOU. *—WFB*

■ MEMO TO: The Editor
FROM: The Minister of Buttons
DATE: Election Day but let's not go into that

Our anti-Moratorium buttons are the biggest hit yet (bigger even than the National Committee to Horsewhip Drew Pearson). Having sold out the initial six thousand, I have had to reorder both buttons. Our Shipping Department has mailed out 4,757 buttons so far, and the orders continue to pour in. It's gratifying to see that most of the orders come from college campuses. Somebody at Princeton ordered a thou.

You may assure your readers that if The Enemy Within goes through with its plans for yet another Moratorium in December, *buttons will be available*. We will offer the two current ones, plus an all-new model (perhaps keyed to a Christmas theme).

One thing. Some button-buyers cause trouble by 1) writing messy, undecipherable names and addresses; 2) not bothering to write them at all but assuming that we'll copy them off the check or the outside envelope; 3) forgetting to enclose payment. These omissions make life very difficult for the Shipping Department, who has consented to marry me, so of course I want to keep her happy and healthy, it's only natural, right?

—WFB

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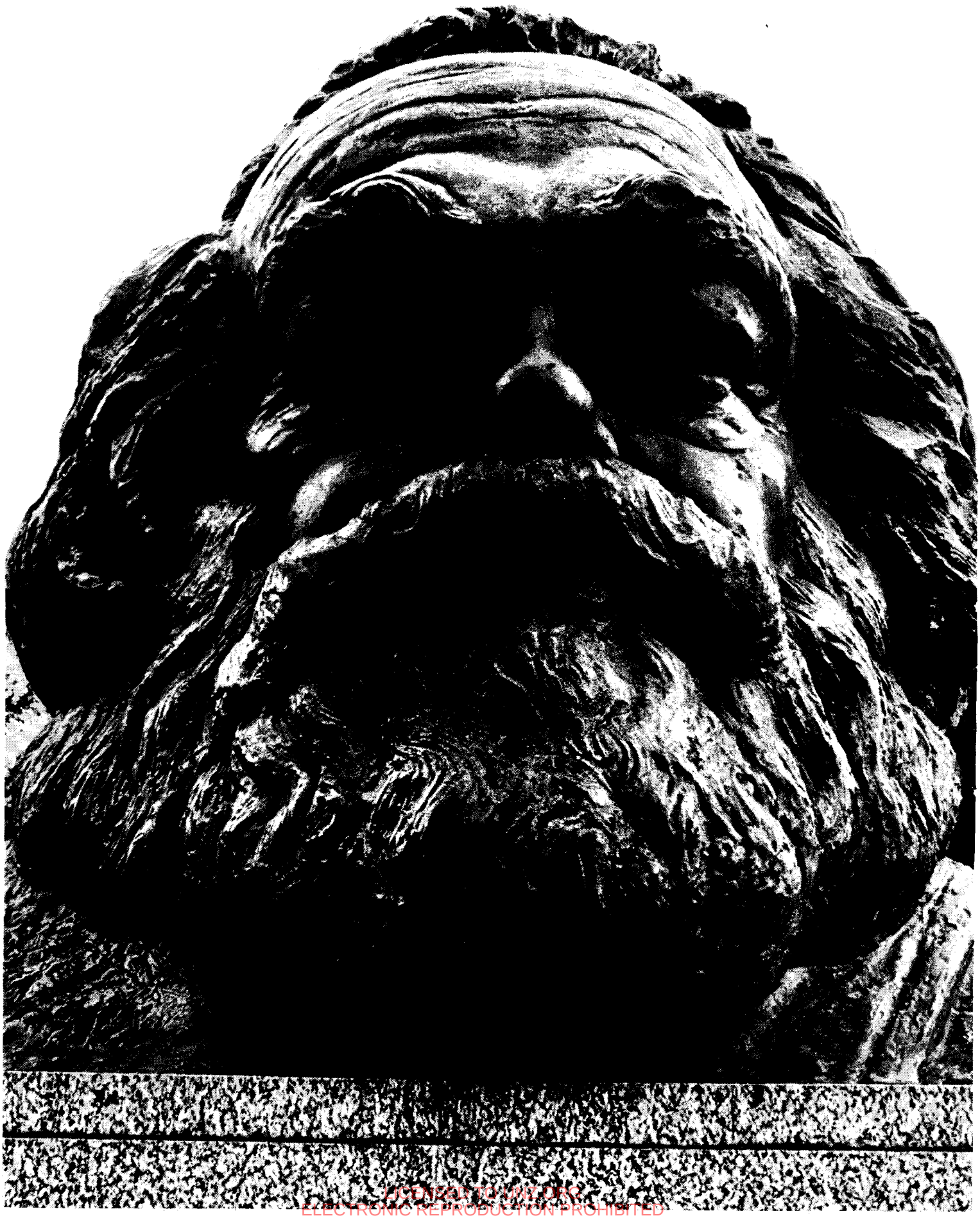

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If Africa, Asia and South America go communist, don't blame him.

Karl Marx is not responsible for famines in Asia or epidemics in Africa. It's not his fault that the average South American earns 75c a day.

All he did was predict the consequences.

That a population living in misery will turn to communism as a way out. Unless something is done to alleviate these conditions.

But the countries themselves don't have the economic resources to make these changes. The U. N. doesn't. Even the United States doesn't.

They need the help of world industry. Particularly U.S. industry.

Industry is in an ideal position to do this. It can deal directly with the people of a country. It can change their lives in a way no government can.

A small case in point: in 1958, Olinkraft, a subsidiary of Olin, bought a paper mill in Igaras, a small town in the remote interior of Brazil.

Igaras was the kind of town on which communism thrives—a declining mill, no doctors, shoeless children, men working an 84-hour week, etc.

It wasn't hard to increase the production of the mill eightfold, to lower hours and raise wages, to reforest the woodlands—but that wasn't enough.

We hired a doctor, nurses, teachers; expanded the school; built a dispensary, a clubhouse; provided free medical and dental care (and medicines at cost to non-employees); financed housing loans and helped set up a cooperative store.

And then the people joined in. They rebuilt their own homes, paid for their own teachers, built and operated their own store and, in effect, revitalized the whole town.

But the people weren't the only ones to benefit. Olinkraft did well enough from the mill to start an extensive expansion program.

Igaras, of course, is only one town. But Olin is only one company. Imagine this kind of success multiplied by tens of thousands of companies and towns all over Africa, Asia and South America.

The deeds of industry may well be as important as the gospel of democracy.

Olin

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HERBLOCK REVISITED

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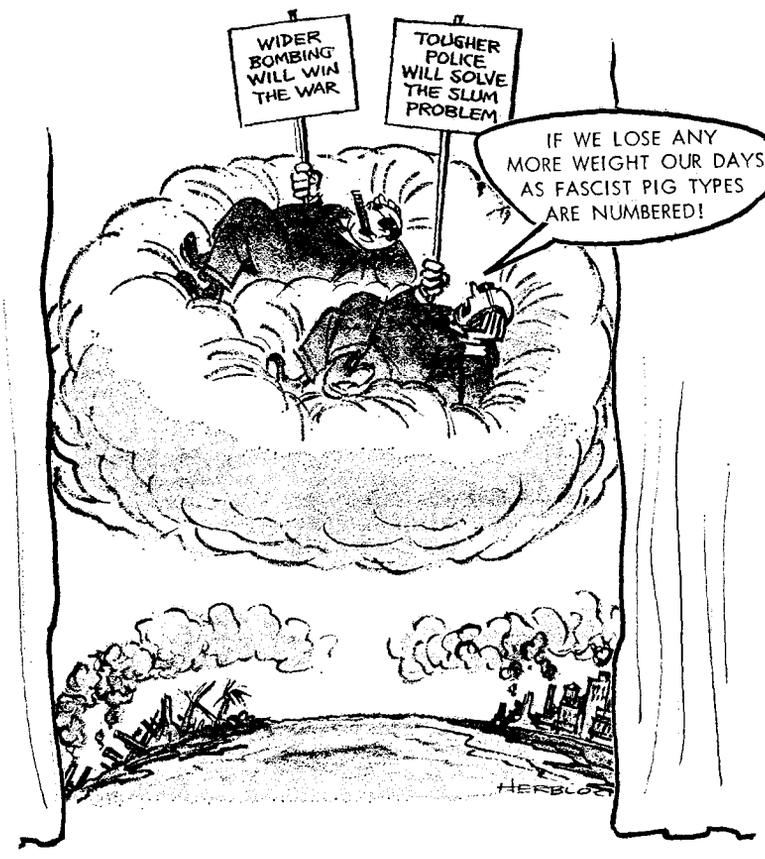
Dramatic scenes from some of the master's best achievements, interpreted and presented in the free and easy manner in which we have become accustomed to seeing the Constitution interpreted and presented—by that ardent Herblock fan and graffiti artist, *John Kreuttner*

NOW YOU MUSTN'T THINK WE HAD FORTAS, POWELL OR TED KENNEDY IN MIND, BECAUSE OF COURSE THOSE WERE GREEK TRAGEDIES. WE SHOULDN'T RIDICULE ANYTHING GREEK!
CRITICAL INQUIRIES
PERSONAL CONDUCT OF CERTAIN HIGH GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS
GREEK MILITARY DICTATORSHIP
HERBLOCK

YOU SEE, IF WE DEPRIVE THE UNDERSTANDABLY DISRUPTIVE OF UNEQUAL OPPORTUNITIES, IT WOULD POISON THE WELLS OF IGNORANCE, SABOTAGE THE WAR ON HONESTY AND VIOLATE THE BILL OF GOODS!
"INVESTIGATION"
REPORT OF THE COMMISSION ON CIVIL DISORDERS
HERBLOCK


WIDER BOMBING WILL WIN THE WAR
TOUGHER POLICE WILL SOLVE THE SLUM PROBLEM
IF WE LOSE ANY MORE WEIGHT OUR DAYS AS FASCIST PIG TYPES ARE NUMBERED!
HERBLOCK

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COVER STORY

Is .0042% a "substantial interest" in a firm?
Did Judge Haynsworth want to put vending machines in an empty factory?
Is he prejudiced against Negroes unless they're dentists?
Is Henry Luce spinning in his grave?

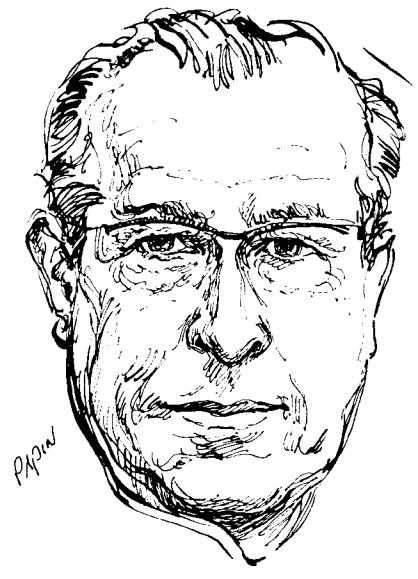
TIME Marches on Haynsworth

RALPH DE TOLEDANO

ONCE UPON A TIME, to put it charitably, the deception was brazen but it had style. There was, for example, the famous cover story in the Fifties which made statements running directly counter to the material in the magazine's own research files and in the memoranda of its chief Washington correspondent. But *Time* laughed arrogantly when the hoax was discovered, telling protesting readers that it was all a matter of "opinion."

Those were the good old days for *Time*. But the magazine has grown shabby with the passing of the years, and nervous as the competition begins to nip at its heels. It is no longer the dream of aspiring newspapermen and college sophomores to work in that Matterhorn of glass, steel and gimcrack in Rockefeller Center. The pay is no longer that good, and the real sharp practitioners of journalistic legerdemain have gone elsewhere. But *Time* still has its moments of greatness—and this may bring back the advertising revenue that has been slipping away to *Newsweek* and to television.

I cite as Exhibit A to prove the point *Time*'s handling of the Haynsworth case. In this, of course, *Time* had the help of substantial segments of the metropolitan press corps and the electronic media. But *Time*'s achievements in this case should not be minimized. The newspaper reporter works under the pressure of a daily deadline—several, for his wire service cousin. Without the Procrustean limitations of a newsmagazine story, he occasionally slips and lets the facts speak for themselves. But *Time* has several days of each week to mull over a story, to study the file, to query its correspondents. The final story is the product of many hands, much revision and the possible *nihil obstat* of experienced editors. An event as important and significant as the public lynching of a man appointed to the Supreme Court by a controversial President gets all of this loving attention and more, since it becomes a policy matter.



Time had a choice in reporting the Haynsworth case. With its tremendous manpower resources, it could have covered the story like a blanket, digging into court records, interviewing participants, scrutinizing and analyzing Chief Judge Clement F. Haynsworth's stock portfolio, determining for his broker just what the nominee's role was in the various transactions now under debate, checking the allegations made about him against the facts, and looking into the motivations of those who have turned what was simply a confirmation routine into what they hope will become *Senate* v. *Haynsworth*.

Or, it could have joined the tar-and-feathers brigade, joyously opening its pages to the full indictment—no holds barred, no pretense at impartiality, a big brother, let us say, to the *New York Post*. But *Time* marched on Haynsworth in its classic style, always lagging slightly behind the pack—superb in its use of innuendo, corrupting the record only with care, magnanimously granting Judge Haynsworth a point here and there, but never impeaching or even questioning the motives of those who were swinging the rope over the tree limb.

Like those most active in the anti-Haynsworth posse, *Time* was aware that the real victim of the attack on a Fourth Circuit Court of Appeals chief judge was not to be Clement Haynsworth but Richard Nixon. The Haynsworth case was to be a chapter in a work in progress fittingly and sadly named by David S. Broder, an earnest reporter, "The Breaking of a President." With luck and voodoo, it could be the key chapter, eliminating moderate conservatism and contributing to the hoped-for polarity of a confrontation with the extremes of Left and Right.

For the sake of clarity, let me rehearse the chronology.

Last August, President Nixon nominated Judge Haynsworth to the seat on the Supreme Court vacated by Justice Abe Fortas—the so-called Jewish seat. This, to those who believe that the high court must be made up of racial representatives rather than sound jurists, was anathema. There were other outrages in the choice of Judge Haynsworth. He was a Southerner who had voted sometimes, though not always, for decisions which the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People found obnoxious. Of greater import was his role in the famous Darlington case in which he once held that an employer running a rapidly deteriorating business should be allowed to shut up shop. This, though Judge Haynsworth later reversed him-

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self, won him the undying enmity of George Meany and the AFL-CIO, operating under the not too unsubstantiated belief that on labor matters the American judicial system should be run by their general counsel's office.

At a high-level meeting at the AFL-CIO's white palace near the White House, it was decided to go all-out against the Haynsworth appointment 1) to put the fear of God into any other independent judges and 2) to teach the Nixon Administration a lesson. The strategy was to mobilize labor's phalanx in the Senate—the men who owed their election to labor money and labor manpower; to put together some sort of alliance with the NAACP, bitter at President Meany for his refusal to crack down on craft unions which discriminate against Negroes; and to dig up some old charges of "conflict of interest" against Judge Haynsworth. (These charges, incidentally, had been withdrawn by the union officials who originally made them and dismissed after investigation by Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy—hardly an antagonist of the AFL-CIO.) Leading the troops into battle would be Senator Birch Bayh (D., Ind.) who has received $70,000 from the AFL-CIO to win and hold his Senate seat.

The 'Charges' . . .

That any senator so indebted to a special interest group should raise the cry of "conflict" was in itself ironic. But the Senate has always lacked any sense of proportion about itself. Regularly, members who have been elected with labor money solemnly vote on labor legislation. Others with holdings in radio-TV stations pass on legislation affecting the Federal Communications Commission and lecture the commissioners on lack of objectivity. Holders of bank or oil stock find it no embarrassment to sit on committees which rule the appropriate regulatory agencies. To raise the cry against a Supreme Court appointee also has its in-built humor. No one mentioned that most of Arthur Goldberg's legal career had been as a paid advocate of the labor movement, or that Thurgood Marshall, who must cast his vote on civil rights cases, was for years a paid official of the NAACP. Or, for that matter, that Justice William O. Douglas was until recently the president of a foundation financed by gambling money provided by a company whose current difficulties will inevitably end up before the Supreme Court.

That the American Bar Association's committee on ethics twice sustained Judge Haynsworth's integrity, hardly deterred the AFL-CIO or its legislative flunkies. Neither did logic or honesty prompt the anti-Haynsworth forces to accept the fact that the Canon of Ethics bars a judge from sitting on a case only if he has "substantial" interests in the litigations. In one of the instances of "conflict of interest" excitedly alleged against Judge Haynsworth, a multimillionaire, his entire benefit amounted to 48 cents, in another to less than $5.

It should have been of some journalistic interest to *Time* to note and evaluate the charges made by Senator Bayh. In one case, Mr. Bayh got his companies all wrong. In two cases, Judge Haynsworth voted against the companies involved and for the union. In still another case, Judge Haynsworth voted against what were purportedly his interests by allowing a textile mill related to a company which did business with another company in which he held a share to shut down, thereby reducing its business. Repeatedly, Senator Bayh got his facts and his chronology so wrong that it made no sense—except, of course, political sense.

At the start, it was clear that the only case against Julge Haynsworth was his adherence to a strict construction of the Constitution, a deadly sin to the liberal Establishment, and his lack of judicial flair. The statement by Joseph Rauh, the scatter-brained vice chairman of Americans for Democratic Action, that the nominee was a "hard-core segregationist" was even ridiculed by the *Washington Post*. After some days, the rallying cry of his "anti-labor bias" was toned down (by *Time*, incidentally) to an "anti-labor image." Eventually, the charges of conflict were thoroughly demolished by Clark Mollenhoff, a Pulitzer-prize-winning investigative reporter now serving as Deputy Counsel to the President. This, to those who do not know Mr. Mollenhoff, might disqualify him as a Nixon Administration partisan. But aside from the documentation of the rebuttal, there is Mr. Mollenhoff's character and reputation. He is a stubborn man of great journalistic rectitude, and had he found anything remotely questionable in the Haynsworth record, he would have resigned rather than issue his devastating statement for the defense.

All of this should have put Senator Bayh on the griddle. It should have led *Time*'s intrepid reporters to ask some sharp questions of Senator Robert Griffin of Michigan, the Republican whip, who shifted from pro to anti when the same forces which have tried over the years to defenestrate him politically began opening windows. It should have focused a rather unkind light on Senator Hugh Scott, the Republican leader elected to battle for his Adminstration, who instead picked daisy petals in the privacy of the Senate floor. But how did *Time* tell the story? As they used to say: Read 'em and weep.

. . . And the Facts

First, let us read what the *Nation*, that bastion of the Old and New Left had to say about Judge Haynsworth when he was named: "No genius of the law . . . no Brandeis or Cardoza [*sic*] surely, but a hard-working lawyer, without pomposity, of consistent judicial temperament. He has biases, but he is aware of them—no small virtue in a judge . . . a genuine conservative amid the host of reactionaries masquerading as conservatives . . . [with] important appellate experience."

And now to *Time*. (All emphases added.)

September 26, 1969: "The most damaging allegations, however, concerned the Appellate Court Judge's failure to remove himself from cases in which he may have had a financial interest. Led by Indiana's Birch Bayh, liberal committee members charged Haynsworth with a conflict of interest for not disqualifying himself from a 1963 trial involving the Textile Workers Union and a firm that did business with a vending machine company in which he had a one-seventh interest."

The "may" is, of course, the giveaway. Didn't *Time* researchers know? And didn't they know that in two Textile Workers cases, Judge Haynsworth voted for the union? Or that the vending machine company's dealings with the unnamed firm itself (Darlington) amounted to zero, only 3 per cent of its business coming from the associate Deering Milliken Company, giving Judge Haynsworth roughly .0042 per cent, which is hardly the "substantial interest" demanded by judicial canons?

Of this case, *Time* said: "John P. Frank, liberal Democrat who serves on the Advisory Committee on Civil Procedure of the Judiciary Conference, stated flatly that 'there was no legal ground for disqualification.' " It did not

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add these words from Mr. Frank: "It is perfectly clear under the authority that there was literally no choice whatsoever for Judge Haynsworth except to participate in that case." Nor did it point out, as noted above, that in ruling on the Darlington case, the judge reduced, rather than increased, the income of the vending machine company, Carolina Vendamatic.

Same story: "The judge, who sat on a 1967 case involving the Brunswick Corporation, bought stock now valued at $18,000 between the time of the argument and the release of the decision in favor of the company." The facts: The Circuit Court *unanimously* agreed on a disposition of the case early in November. Judge Haynsworth bought his stock in December. Secondly, the case was a small one ($90,000) which could have virtually no effect on the value of the stock—one-half cent a share, to be exact.

October 10, 1969: "What brought about the sudden shift in Republican ranks against Haynsworth was the disclosure that he once had a tenuous business connection with Bobby Baker, the former Democratic Senate aide who was convicted of larceny and tax evasion in 1967. Both men invested in a South Carolina real estate deal several years ago although neither *apparently* knew each other. . . . The real estate deal was *apparently* innocuous and innocent." The facts: There was no business connection. Both men invested in a cemetary company. They met only on three occasions, briefly, at ceremonial occasions, when Bobby Baker was Lyndon Johnson's protégé and doing much more substantial business with many members of the Senate. The real estate investment had nothing to do with Baker's later troubles—something which *Time* "apparently" did not care to disclose.

Same story: "According to this *theory* [an "explanation" of why Mr. Nixon has continued to support Judge Haynsworth] Nixon met with South Carolina's Senator Strom Thurmond and other Southern leaders in Atlanta in May of last year. . . Nixon *supposedly* made certain promises, one of them being a guarantee to Strom Thurmond that he could name a justice to the Supreme Court when the opportunity arose." The facts: 1) No such promise was made. 2) Senator Thurmond's candidate for the Supreme Court seat was passed over by the White House. Judge Haynsworth, though now supported by Mr. Thurmond, was never the Senator's candidate.

Coup de Time

October 17, 1969: "Kentucky's freshman GOP Senator Marlow Cook issued a broadside against Bayh's charges . . . Haynsworth, said Cook, was being subjected to 'character assassination.'" The facts: Senator Cook issued a long and detailed analysis of Judge Haynsworth's stock holdings, showing gross errors and falsifications in Mr. Bayh's allegations. This statement was available to *Time*, since it was in the *Congressional Record*, but by simply quoting the "character assassination" phrase, without offering any of the rest of Senator Cook's argument, *Time* reduced it to name calling.

In the same October 17 issue, *Time* devoted almost a page of its section, "The Law," to Haynsworth decisions and concurring votes. Under the subhead of "Civil Rights" it listed all those decisions which legal "activists" would consider gradualist in tendency. It failed to cite the case in which Judge Haynsworth ruled against a dentists' association which barred Negroes. *Time* reviewed all the Haynsworth cases which labor opposed, but failed to mention that on two occasions he ruled in favor of the Textile Workers Union. But *Time's* major masterpiece was its summation of the Darlington Mills case, referred to *passim* in this account.

Said *Time*: "In South Carolina, the Textile Workers Union of America had won an election at a previously non-union mill operated by Darlington Manufacturing Co. *In response*, Darlington closed the mill, laying off five hundred employees. Haynsworth concurred in a majority opinion that the company had a right to close out 'part or all' of its business, whether or not its motive was anti-union. In overturning the decision, the Supreme Court noted unanimously that a partial closing of a business is unfair if the purpose and probable effect are to 'chill unionism' in the employer's remaining plants."

This parody of the Darlington case warrants extended treatment, if only because it was the seed from which all the other charges against Judge Haynsworth grew. The facts were all on the record, in the pleadings before the Circuit Court and the Supreme Court —but *Time* preferred to tell it much in the manner of the *AFL-CIO News*, a handy shortcut.

The facts, then, are these:

Darlington was an old family-owned mill which went into bankruptcy in 1937 and was rescued by an infusion of money from Deering Milliken which took over 69 per cent of its stock. In 1956, Darlington was again in trouble. An engineering efficiency concern was called in to devise a plan to keep the company in business. That plan called for the infusion of considerable sums of money and a reorganization which would increase the productivity of its

(Continues on page 1181)

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NIXON ON NOV. 3

The Honorable Alternative

ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG

THE MESS his predecessors handed President Nixon to deal with abroad and at home now leaves him with only two possibilities in Vietnam: to withdraw honorably or to run dishonorably.

"To withdraw honorably" means to enable those who relied on us to protect themselves after we leave. This can be done by training South Vietnamese forces and by supplying them. The aim would be to leave a viable political entity behind. Such a policy would require withdrawing over a period of no less than two years and leaving a corps of advisers and technicians behind for a period thereafter. They might be volunteers and might number between fifty and a hundred thousand persons.

The honorable withdrawal policy could be pursued independently of negotiations with North Vietnam. (It might lead to such negotiations.) The effect would be to stabilize the status quo in Vietnam, whether negotiated or not. Military engagement would taper off and probably cease. This policy may produce a viable South Vietnam if ably handled; but there is no certainty that it will. On the other hand, if it fails, it would not have added greatly to risks or costs. A time limit would have to be set, for otherwise the policy would be domestically impossible and unlikely to spur the efforts of the South Vietnamese. The timing need not be announced. The facts can be allowed to speak for themselves.

"To run dishonorably" would shorten the process of withdrawal by perhaps one year and avoid leaving even a small volunteer force to support Vietnamese efforts to defend themselves. Negotiations would be used to disguise the extent of our acceptance of defeat. The most likely disguise would be creation of an "enlarged" government "more responsive to the people" (i.e. the Vietcong) to prepare (i.e. rig) elections. Hanoi would like us to leave but also to deliver South Vietnam by compelling Saigon to hand over the government. Our defeat would be political: we would run because of domestic pressure to do so. Let me consider the foreign and domestic effects of the two policies.

The honorable alternative would achieve most foreign policy goals. North Korea will be as deterred as it ever can be from attacking South Korea. China, which presently can only dream, will be discouraged from dreaming too boldly. Thailand will be encouraged; Laos, Cambodia and Singapore saved. In general, resistance to Communist expansion in Asia will be stabilized. In other parts of the world, the Balkans, the Near East, South America, neutrals and friends will be encouraged and enemies will be more likely to rely on diplomacy than on arms; guerrillas will be discouraged.

If we run dishonorably our adversaries will learn that persistence wears us out and demoralizes us. They will learn, therefore, that persistent guerrilla action can win regardless of the superiority of our forces and of our initial resolution. Laos, Cambodia and Singapore would not stand much of a chance. We probably would have to help defend South Korea again, or see it fall. Owing to the self-weakening of China and to the Sino-Soviet conflict, as well as to the time gained through the Vietnamese war, Indonesia would probably remain free, and Thailand would stand a chance for a while. Yet, sooner or later the area will fall under the sway of the two Communist powers unless we are willing to fight. Thus, in the long run, precipitate withdrawal from Vietnam would create more external problems for us than it solves.

In the short run, running would solve our domestic problem at the expense of the South Vietnamese. Or would it? On second thought, the acceptance of defeat in Vietnam would aggravate rather than solve our domestic problems. Let me consider the matter first in strictly "political" terms, from the Nixon Administration viewpoint.

However well disguised, surrender would be recognized: the slaughter of our friends in Vietnam will be hard to hide as will the general takeover. This will not get Mr. Nixon re-elected: few of those who favor surrender will vote for him under any circumstances. And many of those who voted for him before will not vote for him if he surrenders. They will stay home, or vote for someone like Wallace. The South and Midwest will be lost, the East not gained, nor the Pacific states kept. On the other hand, the honorable alternative, if successful, would gain votes; if unsuccessful it would lose no more present or possible future supporters than the surrender.

On a more important level, concerned not with the Administration but with the Republic, one should remember that the domestic crisis was precipitated by Vietnam, but not caused by it. It has deep roots which I cannot fully examine here. The same sort of crisis shakes West Germany, France, Italy and Japan, none of which is involved in Vietnam. We are confronted with a crisis of authority—the alienation of middle- and upper-class youth from the disciplines and values of the society which made them affluent enough to doubt its authority and attack its order. (Lower-class youths are used largely as battering rams.) Suppose the issue of Vietnam were removed by as nearly an instant surrender as possible. Would this halt the domestic crisis? On the contrary: *l'appetit vient en mangeant*. There is an infinite store of grievances in our, as in any, society, just and unjust. Once they feel that they have been able to paralyze the military power of our society many of the groups now engaged in peace activities, university subversion and assorted other, more or less violent, political activities will turn to other issues. They will be encouraged. To be sure, some of the genuine and naïve pacifists, moderates and liberals will drop out. They are easily replaced. People can be made just as indignant about slums, education, poverty or race, as they can be made about war and, after all, we will still keep troops in Korea, West Germany and Thailand. We will still be "imperialistic."

IN SHORT, there is every reason to believe that the disintegration of the authority structure—and of the country held together by it—will accelerate if we run in Vietnam. One cannot promise that this disintegration will cease if we attempt an honorable withdrawal. But it will be slowed and, *perhaps*, stopped. Ultimately this depends on quite a number of other matters, namely, on the degree of severity and ability with which the Nixon Administration and the courts will enforce laws and refuse to sacrifice

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them for the sake of dreams of instant justice. An increase in severity in this respect seems both necessary and salutary. On the other hand, surrender in Vietnam probably would not bring a straight acceleration of domestic disintegration. On the contrary, a reaction may precede it.

THOSE WHO hitherto supported the war—workers, the lower-middle class, ethnic groups such as Poles, Italians and Irish—will be angry. They will feel misled, betrayed, unprotected and sacrificed in both domestic and foreign matters. These groups may cause a rightist reaction far beyond anything legitimate in a democracy. It will be an anti-intellectual reaction in view of the role attributed to universities, students and intellectuals; and an anti-Jewish one for the same reasons. The reaction will not amount to Nazism for we do not have a homogeneous group confronting a minority: the majority consists of minorities. Further, our prosperity will prevent power from going to a totalitarian Right as it does prevent power from going to a totalitarian Left. Nonetheless, the reaction to surrender would be uncomfortably far removed from legitimate democratic processes and it may come uncomfortably near plebiscitarian and authoritarian practices. Although a reaction to some symptoms of disintegration it may also be a continuation of it. Though appearing to strengthen law and order, the arbitrary enforcement of arbitrary laws without procedural safeguards will actually weaken both. It may not only prevent violence but also dissent. Historically, "lynch justice" has always occurred when the citizens felt that legitimate governmental institutions did not function so as to protect them against domestic and external dangers. Insecurity as well as the fear of, or suspicion of, betrayal can lead to such a reaction, jeopardizing both law and order for the sake of "law and order."

Surrender in Vietnam, however disguised, is most likely permanently to alienate major segments of the public from legitimate governmental process and to generate such a reaction. I am forced to conclude that of the two alternatives, only one is really feasible; the other spells disaster both for the President and for the Republic. Mr. Nixon's duty is clear.

The President's resolution seems firm. It is time to support him. □

Sterilized Puff and the Great Cancer Scare

NOT too many years from now, a phone rings in a leaf-colored office of a major tobacco company. President Draw (Lungs) Freeneasy, smoking a water pipe filled with carbolic acid, answers:

"Sterilized Puff Tobacco Company. The life you save *is* your own. Freeneasy speaking."

"This is Coughhack down in Planning and Research, chief. About our new four-filter job—concrete isn't working out. Too heavy. A four-year-old could never lift the cigarette."

"Is that the one with the steel filter, too, Coughhack?"

"No, sir. Steel is the five-filter job. That one's too heavy, too. Also, no smoke can get through."

"Hell, man, bore some holes in the steel!"

"Oh! Never thought of that, sir. Now, about the concrete . . ."

"Work up some *light* concrete, Coughhack. That shouldn't be hard. After all, we've been putting out light smoke and light tobacco for years."

"At least, sir, our aluminum filters don't have that problem."

"Aluminum is in the six-filter stage, right?"

"No, sir. Seven. Six-filter is charcoal, sand, acorns, carbon paper, soap and newspaper."

"Newspaper?"

"Newspaper. Don't you remember, sir? Our slogan for that one reads, 'If you don't want to smoke it, read it!' "

"I like that, Coughhack. I think we ought to use something similar for our eight-filter project. Put in some hamburger, say. 'If you don't want to smoke it, eat it!' "

"Sounds great, chief."

"Hamburgers, sure—'Gently cooked with each sterilized puff.' 'Hamburger with that sterilized flavor.' Something like that. Or, come to think of it, Coughhack, we could put filet mignon in our nine-filter job. Make the nine-filter out-and-out snob appeal. Filet, diamonds, a hundred-dollar bill, part of a Cadillac fender, a Ph.D. diploma, and so on."

"I don't think any smoke could get through all that, chief."

"Smoke! who gives a damn about *smoke* with all that fancy crap between your fingers?"

"You got something there, chief. Or maybe—just maybe—we could put something between the filters, like tobacco, to keep the whole thing burning. For a while, anyway."

"You're going off the deep end again, Coughhack. How many times have I got to tell you that tobacco is old-fashioned. The whole idea of multiple filters—ever-increasing filters—is to get less and less tobacco in every cigarette. Tobacco causes cancer, for crissakes! Don't you remember our slogan for our ten-filter cigarette: 'The filter's so fine, so rich, so rare, you don't even know the tobacco's not there.' "

"Yes, sir, I remember. 'Filters taste good, like a cigarette should.' "

"*As*, Coughhack. *As* a cigarette should. Sterilized Puff uses good grammar, goddam it!"

"But, chief, you're not forgetting that we're going to use *some* tobacco in our ten-filter job, are you?"

"*Of course* I haven't forgotten, Coughhack. How could I with every cigarette maker in the country trying to find out what special secret ingredient we're going to put in our Ten-Filter Special. It's tobacco, of course. Heh, heh. They'll never guess *that*, now, will they?"

"Never, chief."

"But with tobacco playing the role it's going to in the TFS, Coughhack, I think our slogan still gives the proper image."

"Sure, chief, sure."

"After all, Coughhack, who else but Sterilized Puff would be the first to put an absolutely cancer-free cigarette on the market—one which allows a smoker to savor the sun-browned, slowly-matured filters, each a taste treat in itself—*yet* which at the same time provides him with tobacco, *too*?"

"No one, chief, no one."

"Do you realize, Coughhack, that with the Ten-Filter Special, Sterilized Puff will be the first cigarette with a tobacco *filter*!"

—JOHN KEEFAUVER

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LETTER FROM ANN ARBOR

Travelers' Tales

AUBERON WAUGH

PRESUMABLY nobody who lives in America can be quite aware of the extent to which a European, on his first visit, is liable to disbelieve the evidence of his senses. Travelers in Jules Verne tales invariably accept everything they see, but they are seldom accompanied by guides telling them even more incomprehensible and unbelievable lies. Flying over the Great Lakes, someone kindly told me how many thousands or millions of square miles they cover. I was suitably impressed, while immediately forgetting the actual figure quoted. But I could see at a glance that these lakes were very large indeed, perhaps comparable in size to our own Mediterranean—around which people have been living and excreting, to my certain knowledge, for six thousand years.

Yet we are solemnly asked to believe that in the hundred odd years man has inhabited the shores of the Great Lakes in any significant numbers, his excretions have polluted this vast stretch of water to such an extent that it is no longer safe even to dip a big toe into the middle of it. For my own part, I simply refuse to believe that even if all the citizens of Chicago, Detroit, Toronto and everywhere else had spent every minute of their time since the foundation of their cities in the rest room, powder room, bathroom or whatever they choose to call it, they could have filled the Great Lakes by their exertions. Reason and logic recoil from accepting this absurd proposition, and if one looks around for some explanation of its currency, one soon finds that it is an essential part of a new system of socialist apologetics which is nowadays advanced under the general heading "quality of environment."

Bitter experience may have demonstrated that state interventionism in industry and welfare is inevitably detrimental to the interests of those it seeks to protect, but now socialists have fallen back upon a new line of defense: unless the state intervenes to prevent people from doing what they wish to do, the earth will soon become polluted to such an extent by their excreta, their motor car exhausts and their tobacco smoke that we will all be extinguished. This school of thought can never have been so hyperbolically expressed as by Mr. Daniel Moynihan, President Nixon's adviser on urban affairs, who recently (October 21) gave a warning in Brussels, of all places, that man faces an "ecological crisis," "we may have even less than a fifty-fifty chance of living until 1980," he said.

Never mind that vastly the greater part of the earth's surface is still completely uninhabited; that the majority of the world's inhabitants have probably never even been inside a motor car. The reason I dwell on these matters in such morbid detail is because they illustrate a quality which I found endemic in the American scene—that of congenital gullibility. Everybody accepts without question that the Great Lakes are now poisonous. Not even in America is it possible to deceive all the people all the time. But more people seem more capable of being deceived for longer than in any comparably developed non-Communist country in the world. And the young, bless them, are more gullible than any.

In the course of my tour, I visited five university towns: Charlottesville, Virginia; Winston-Salem, North Carolina; Columbia, South Carolina; Lincoln, Nebraska; and Ann Arbor, Michigan. I was seeking to understand the American student, you see. Up to that moment, my only knowledge derived from faintly apocalyptic articles in the NATIONAL REVIEW and occasional news reports from Berkeley. The reason for this morbid obsession was simple enough: that we in Europe rely on America for our security and our prosperity and will continue to do so for the foreseeable future. It seemed as well to try to understand the nature of those who will control the destinies of my children and grandchildren. Unfortunately, the architecture at Charlottesville was so breathtaking—who would have thought one would need to visit America to see some of the finest eighteenth-century architecture in the world?—that I never received so much as a sniff of a student. At Winston-Salem, the tobacco auctions were more exciting, at Columbia a friendly poet offered to show me his skill at archery, and at Lincoln I was unable to drag myself away from the extraordinary new Catholic cathedral, so it was only at Ann Arbor that I came to grips with the problem.

Students there, much like those anywhere else, divide sharply into White Panthers, Black Panthers, Students for a Democratic Society, members of the Radical Caucus, Trans-Love Energists, Revolutionary Youth Movementists and a few—just a few—plain students who go to church, study greasy things in bottles and will one day own a Buick, four kiddies and a wife, earning $40,000 a year as a family doctor. All the other groups believe in much the same sort of things: that money and work should be abolished, except for black people, who should be given plenty of both; that American society is rotten, a fascist dictatorship; that Russia is scarcely any better, that China and Cuba are the only countries where the people are free and democracy flourishes. They varied considerably in the emphasis they accorded these important truths, but in little else, and in any case the syndrome was easily recognizable from their European counterparts. These people were easy to meet—Trans-Love Energies is to be found in the Ann Arbor telephone book just before Trans World Airlines, and, as a visiting writer, they received me kindly, took me over their commune and even offered me a pull at the communal reefer, despite the fact that their president had just gone to prison for ten years on a drug charge.

WHAT HAS no counterpart in Europe is the ordinary American student—clean-living, church-going and destined to take his place in the richest, most powerful community in the world's history. There is a trusting quality about this breed which is immensely endearing but also oddly disquieting. There is absolutely nothing one can say to them—and I put it to the test—which they will not believe: in Scotland, men still eat porridge with their fingers: Mr.

(Continues on page 1181)

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RUSSELL KIRK

TWO RISINGS AGAINST THE LIBERALS

FROM THE ACADEMY

George Santayana tells us that those who ignore the past are condemned to repeat it. We stand in that peril today. In school and college, historical studies give ground dismayingly before the abstractions and slogans of sociology. In the big book-reviewing media, some really important new historical publications are ignored altogether.

Two recent books that really are relevant to our present discontents have been pretty generally ignored. One of these is *Crisis in the "Great Republic": Essays presented to Ross J. S. Hoffman*, edited by Gaetano Vincitorio (Fordham University Press, $9).* The other is *The Red '48ers: Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels*, by Oscar J. Hammen (Scribners, $8.95).

Just now we behold a revolt against what is called the liberal Establishment, by conservatives on one hand and radicals on the other. Something very similar occurred a century and a quarter ago; and much may be learned from a study of the nineteenth-century opposition to a dull utilitarian domination.

In *Crisis* is a succinct essay by Dr. Nicholas Varga: "'Young England' and its Political Debut, 1843," about Benjamin Disraeli and his revival of Tory imagination and vigor. At the beginning, Young England consisted of Disraeli himself and three young members of parliament. Only three years later, Disraeli was followed by more than two hundred conservative MPs; and he would go on to tremendous success.

"Disraeli was offering a new 'state of mind' wherein a warm faith was to be preferred to decorous doubt; where history was to be emphasized as the key to understanding; where no apologies would be made for relying on a powerful aristocracy, but one which was no longer aloof; where the poor were not to be left to the mercy of 'progress,'" Varga writes. In the long run, the vision of Disraeli did not keep a form of socialism out of Britain; yet it did accomplish much to keep out revolutionary Marxism.

In that year of 1843 was prepared the first issue of the *Jahrbücher*, the German-French yearbook of infant Marxism. Professor Hammen devotes a section of his careful volume to this *Deutsch-Französische Jahrbücher*, important to the understanding of Marxist doctrine and tactics, but often neglected.

One of the articles in the yearbook is devoted to Marx on the Jewish question. According to Hammen:

> Marx's article does show what strange results the dialectic can produce in the absence of much knowledge of the history, mode of life, and business practices of the Jews. When Marx proclaimed first principles under such circumstances, the world always received something that could be gripped by the hair—sometimes a monstrosity. In this case he set out to look for the "mystery of the Jews not in their religion, but to find the mystery of their religion in the real Jews." When the dialectic revealed itself through such epigrammatic inversions, it flashed brightly but produced an uncertain light.
>
> Analyzing the Jewish people in a catechistic manner, Marx made them appear synonymous with the bourgeois, capitalist class. "What is the real foundation of Judaism? Practical necessity and self-interest. . . . What is the worldly cult of the Jews? Petty huckstering. . . . What is his worldly God? Money. . . . Money is the jealous God of Israel beside whom no other God is permitted."

Marx was half-Jewish in blood himself, of course; Disraeli, wholly so. Jewish intellectual powers may be said to have created the revolution of our time; but also Jewish intellectual powers revived the conservative imagination. Disraeli's Tancred, on Sinai, found that the jealous God was not Mammon; and Disraeli, years later, became "the old Jew gentleman sitting on the top of chaos."

Closely examining Marx's journal, the *Neue Rheinische Zeitung*, and painstakingly making his way through the mass of correspondence between Marx and Engels (which few have done), Professor Hammen reveals a young Marx more supple and more eager for power than the Marx we encounter in conventional descriptions. From the first, Marx desired to polarize society, and was not scrupulous in his tactics. Like certain people in our own time and country, Marx may be said to have yearned for revolution for revolution's sake—or from hatred of the bourgeoisie, though no one could be more bourgeois in origin and culture, really, than Marx and Engels.

"It has long been my impression that a true picture of Marx cannot be presented to students and the general public," Dr. Hammen writes to me, "except through a concurrent examination of their revolutionary tactics, their attempts to enforce Party discipline, and their direct participation in the Revolution of 1848-49—the only revolution in which they had an opportunity to play a role, though a disappointing one. . . ."

THAT complete Marx was a humorless creature, eager to scourge his fellow revolutionaries, but invisible when there was trouble in the streets (as in Brussels on February 27, 1848). Disraeli was the wittiest man of his time, and the most conspicuous everywhere. But both are far more worthy of study than the mountebanks and feathertops of our hour—so thoroughly discussed in our "literary" supplements. "So the crowd come," says Yeats, "they care not what may come." □

*This first book is a *Festschrift* honoring the distinguished professor of history at Fordham, whose writings revived the understanding of Burke in our time. The contributors are students and disciples of Dr. Hoffman's, and their subjects range from Burke and his times (several essays) to Alcide de Gasperi and Charles de Gaulle.

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DELECTATIONS

Gone Flying Again

WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER

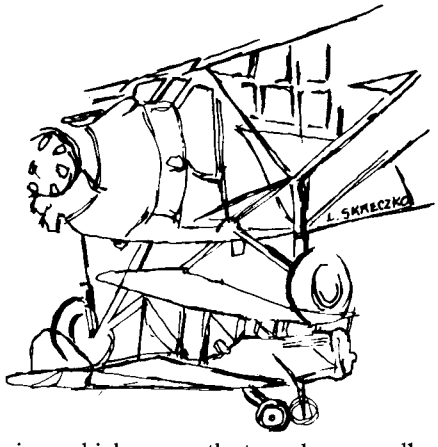
SITTING THERE above the clouds with all the needles on all the instruments pointing steady and in the green, a pilot has time to think. Sometimes he wonders, not without a shock, what in the world he's doing there at all. More often he reflects upon the nature of the pleasure he gets in flying. The non-philosophizing pilot simply looks out the window at that point and enjoys the sunlight and the clouds and the face of the earth if it's visible, and there are deep reasons for believing that is enough by way of comment, explanation and credo. If you have to *explain* the clouds to the guy in the next seat, he should be on the goddam ground!

Handwise, on the other: each of us flies for his own reasons and has his own way of finding pleasure in it. I fly because Dad flew. For me, that's a reason. It makes no sense to my brother and he couldn't care less about the Vast World of the Air. I fly because The Greatest Pilot in All the World, one Mr. Dick Merrill, came to our house in Bronxville thirty years ago when I was ten, and shook my hand and smiled upon me. I was interested in racing cars then, so Captain Dick Merrill took pencil and paper and drew a dandy racer, facing to the left, with pillow cushions of important smoke and dust kicking up behind—I can see it now. Any man who can draw racers like that must surely be a wonderful pilot, no?

I fly also because it is pleasing to manipulate a fine piece of machinery; I ordinarily despise mechanical doodads and couldn't repair a magneto unless my life depended on it; but there is no denying the pleasure you get from the experience of controlling a good deal of power, even if it is only mechanical power.

I fly, as the noble Gill Robb Wilson would understand it, because there is a personal challenge in the act of braving a hostile element with a fragile vessel, and the type of response you give to that challenge tells you something about your moral makeup. Any pilot will tell you that once he has fiddled with a stuttering engine whilst attempting to drive nicely onto a foggy pea-patch, he accepts with amazing equanimity such terrestrial discombobbilations as Suzy sprained her finger. . . . Not callous, not unsympathetic: but not panicked. Creative, even: when trouble comes, that's the time when a pilot-type begins doing his very best work.

The great Dick Merrill, who draws racing cars, was riding as a check pilot aboard an Eastern Air Lines Constellation when all hell broke loose. They were out to sea maybe a hundred miles on the direct Hatteras-Miami route and something let go in number three engine, which promptly tossed a propeller blade through the cabin, instantly killing the flight steward—and then I believe the engine rattled off its mounts and dropped into the briny deep, while fire and smoke attempted to board the aircraft without a loading pass. Well sir. Florida was covered with low stratus and fog that day, and Daytona (the nearest pea-patch) was closed "a/c WX." Luckily (irony here, men: Why is it that only the good pilots get lucky?), Captain Dick Merrill remembered an abandoned airport a few miles down the coast. He popped into the captain's seat, took over command, and hand-held the wounded Connie down from twenty thousand over the Atlantic to three nice points on T. firma. The smooth landing at the end of pandemonium is the unmistakable signal: a pilot has been in charge. The honorable Dick Merrill is in his seventies now; no smoke; no drink, jogjogjog every day; and flies all over the country in anything he can get his hands on.



I FLY for the commonest of reasons, too: because the earth is a beautiful thing to look at, and the United States is a beautiful land. I fly because I meet the nicest names up there—Crazy Woman, Wyoming; Truth or Consequences, New Mexico; Huguenot, New York. One of those is a real town, the other two are the names of radio navigation aids. They carry the burden of history, and the pilot who has been reading American history may fly through all of the centuries of his native land in an hour or two. The woman was an Indian. The Huguenots settled here. The small airport east of La Junta is called Ánimas. By the Picketwire River. Why the Spanish word for "souls"? Why Picketwire? Because of Coronado. Four hundred and thirty years ago he and his men trekked two thousand miles through the Southwest in search of the storied treasures of Quivira. No soap. In what is now eastern Colorado some of his men fell to fighting, and there were several deaths and an equivalent number of burials beside the unnamed river—all in the absence of the priests, who had left the expedition before this point. The brawling soldiers were therefore sent to their reward without the benefit of the sacraments and were souls lost in purgatory. The Spaniards named the river so: *Río de las ánimas perdidas en el purgatorio. Ánimas!* For convenience the name of the river was soon shortened to Purgatorio. Two centuries later the peripatetic French trappers, working south along the Rockies, came to this river and gave it the proper francophone monicker: Purgatoire. A difficult thing to pronounce, as any drunken cowpoke will tell you, and obviously a foolish French attempt to say the perfectly good English word "picketwire." So it is this day the Picketwire River, the Ánimas, the Río de las Ánimas, the Purgatoire, the Purgatory . . . depending on the map you're using, or the plane you're flying.

Oh, I could write a book about flying. But you know something? I'd rather fly. □

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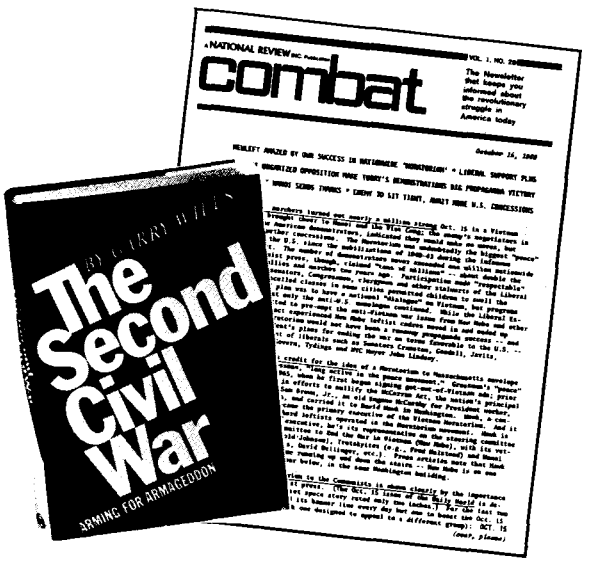

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Gate Crasher Tells All

VICTOR GOLD

The Selling of the President 1968
By Joe McGinnis
Trident, $5.95

According to the dust jacket, this is the book about the Nixon campaign which "that distinguished columnist Murray Kempton has called 'a masterpiece.' "

So much for the historical objectivity of *The Selling of the President 1968* and its author Joe McGinnis. Only twenty-six-years-old and already claimant to the title of best gate crasher in the history of Yonkers Raceway, Mr. McGinnis is also a young man concerned, involved and, yes, impassioned, about the vexing condition of the American body politic, particularly the outcome of the 1968 Presidential election: *"We had seen the mules in the hot Atlanta street and heard the sobs of children inside the crowded church as they buried Martin Luther King,"* he writes, encapsulating the trauma of last election year. *"And watched Bob Kennedy's life spill across the gray kitchen floor, and taken the train ride and seen black men cry again, and we had cried with them."*

So far, so impassioned. But then, the quick move, the sudden thrust, not of passion but contempt—the quintessential note required to make this or any book dealing with Richard Nixon's election to the Presidency "a masterpiece" in the long view of that distinguished columnist, Murray Kempton: *"And now* (are you, as Bill Cosby asks, ready for the Big One?)— *"And now this Nixon came out of his country clubs which he had worked so hard to make and he waved his credit cards in our face."*

ZAP. So much for the cover story, advanced by Trident Press, forlorn friends of Hubert Humphrey, and other assorted Nixon-baiters licking campaign wounds, that what Mr. McGinnis has given us here is a study-in-depth of the use and abuse of audio-visual techniques in modern politics. There are such studies, to be sure—an excellent recent example being Gene Wycoff's *The Image Candidates: American Politics in the Age of Television.* But what Mr. McGinnis has produced is something quite different, and let us, early on, call it by its rightful name, without heavy pancake makeup for the cameras: a hatchet job, pure-and-simple, on the man, *this Nixon*, who last November was elected by thirty million-plus "typical Americans . . . people who had triteness oozing out of every pore . . . who . . . had never made an original observation in their lives." (Ah, to be twenty six years old and Know That Much again.)

"We're moving into a period where a man is going to be merchandised on television more and more," continues one of the Good Guys encountered by the author during his campaign travels (the GG, needless to say, not a Nixon man but a McCarthy Democrat named, so help me Norman Corwin, Jim Sage). "It upsets you and me, maybe, but *we're not typical Americans.*" Emphasis supplied.

And with that, how does an atypical, concerned, impassioned young man, who has seen the mules in Atlanta, heard the children sob, and taken the train ride—who numbers among his friends "the genius" who handled Hubert Humphrey's campaign television, not to mention Jimmy Breslin and other aides to Robert Kennedy—how does such a man *involve* himself in combat against the political hypocrisy and deception of our day? Go to work for Hubert Humphrey? Humphrey, who the author felt "had faults as a politician and of course . . . had made a lot of mistakes, but . . . at least is a person."

"Here he is sweating, laughing, crying out in the open air," writes Mr. McGinnis of the Democratic nominee. "The contrast with Nixon was obvious. Nixon, who depended on a television studio the way a polio victim relied on an iron lung."

What to do? Join up, of course. That's it: Joe McGinnis will join the Humphrey campaign to fight the good fight against the Man in the Iron Lung. Right?

Like, wrong, baby. The thing you do, sweetheart—the thing any hip young man does if he wants to write a *masterpiece* about the political hypocrisy and deception of our times—is *join the Nixon team.* No sweat.

Beautiful, as Jimmy Breslin would say (and say, and say). *Beautiful.*

"Joe McGinnis informally joined the Nixon forces at the very early stages of the campaign," boasts the dirt jacket. "Around the clock, day-to-day, he lived with the technicians, ghost writers, experts and pollsters." Beautiful, indeed: not as a worker, of course. That would be too much, even for the finest gate crasher in Yonkers' history. No, in this case, the slickest technique (panning in Close Up, eye contact excellent, no perspiration along the upper lip) would be to tell the Nixon team schnooks you are a bright young kid who just wants to tag along gathering material for a thesis. On political horseracing—or something.

AND OUT OF THIS, the final product, the hip liberal Democratic set's last cackle over the dour squares ("All the men were shaved and wore freshly pressed suits"), who would take in, and in turn be taken in by, the young stranger: 142 *real*, as distinguished from 253 *numbered* pages of notes written and transcribed by one who holds to the view (despite the professed anguish of Atlanta and Los Angeles) that American politics "has always been a con game"; a field day (pages 171-253) for voyeurs of other people's private memoranda; in addition to 22 filler pages of

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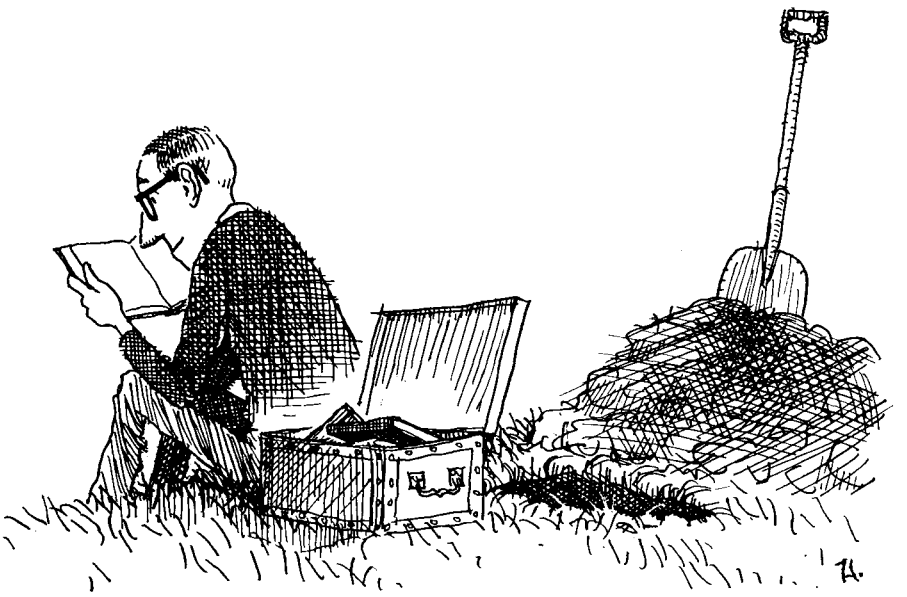
television script, and other creative material, also written by someone other than the author; and two pages of advertising copy written by Harry Treleavan, who trusted and was taken, but whose name, predictably, is omitted from a lengthy list of acknowledgees "who have helped" Mr. McGinnis do his thing. To this, salt in six solid pages lifted from McLuhan's *Understanding Media*, wholly, with attribution, but no special apology or explanation. A masterpiece, indeed.

"Breslin was talking of leaving the country. Moving to Ireland," young McGinnis recalls of the dark hours immediately following the Nixon election, November 1968. "It seemed an appealing idea."

Indeed, still does. At least, from *this* side of the water. □



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All by, or edited by, Judith Merril

MERRIL-Y WE WAVE ALONG

THEODORE STURGEON

Wollheim and Carr, in the preface to their *World's Best Science Fiction* (Ace, 95 cents, and a very good selection indeed), say "We don't choose fantasy stories, experimental fiction (as such), hyperbolic essays, simple allegories or poems for this book." They also remark that it "is not the product of just one person's judgment, which might be, or become, rather capricious." I am here writing a piece about Judith Merril and her work, and I think with those words they were too. Fred Pohl, famed sf author and editor, certainly was when he wrote, "The whole idea in making an experiment is that you can't tell ahead of time whether or not it will succeed. . . . Why do you insist on publishing your failures?" And the incomparable Isaac Asimov hopes that "when the New Wave has deposited its froth and receded, the vast and solid shore of *science fiction* will appear once more."

Miss Merril might, and doubtless will, respond that these gentlemen are, or might have become rather capricious, for she is the chief exponent and demonstrator of this New Wave, and she's catching her licks for it too. On the other hand, she's getting a lot of support. "British writers are in the vanguard," says Josephine Saxton, "which maybe only looks like a bandwagon—one thing they do is make much American sf look old-fashioned." Kyril Bonfiglioli, who comes on like a fascinating madman, and whose writings and editings have contributed greatly in England to this New Wave, says, "Science fiction is something that happened in the Forties and early Fifties in certain American magazines. Then the writers grew up and the readers didn't. Or vice versa."

It has been for quite a while, I think, high time and past time that science fiction underwent some yeasting. As a specialty it has been guilty quite often of two misdemeanors: cannibalism and incest, which readily accounts for its high incidence of idiocy. The exogamy of the British New Wave is, in my opinion, a most welcome infusion. Let us, however, not assume that everything in the New Wave consists of experiments, hyperbole, poetry and/or fantasy. Far from it. It would be safer to say that the new wave consists of everything . . . an everything injected, like a multivitamin shot, into the corpus of sf. The metaphor is pleasant, for vitamins are nourishments, not medicines, and those not needed will be harmlessly excreted. Failures in this context are not significant, and the New Wave certainly does not exclude stories with a beginning, a middle and an end—the expressed fear of a conservative friend who, I suspect, tends to regard all change-growth (and therefore life) with unease.

JUDITH MERRIL'S credentials are impressive. A strong and sensitive writer, she is responsible also for twelve annual "best" anthologies. From the first she was noteworthy for her catholicity (she read exhaustively far outside the parameters of the genre magazines, and found superb specimens from sports, general, "little" and foreign periodicals) and the width of her spectrum. Very early she began pushing hard at the boundaries of sf as it was known—for an unexceptionable definition of science fiction has yet to appear—until her capitalized SF has come to mean Speculative Fabulation, which is perhaps what it should have been called all along. All great literature is great because it is fable—because it creates typical and archetypical characters and situations which can be applied outside the work to illuminate the human condition. "A science fiction writer," says English science fiction writer Peter Tate, "should be able to see what can lie at the end of the great technological rainbow. And if it isn't a crock of gold, it is his to say so."

Quickly, then, to the Merril specifics —four fine books which catch sf at the crest of the wave of transition.

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Best of the Best (29 stories) is a culling from the first five Merril annuals (1955-60) and contains not a single dud, and some truly incomparable and unique short stories: Henderson's "Anything Box," for example, and Cogswell's "You Know Willie." As a showcase for Merril and her taste, it's a treasure chest.

SF 12 shows where she has come to, and it's a wild and variegated place. In the thirty fantasies, experiments, hyperboles, allegories, prose-poems and poems—many of which are solid science fiction of the old school, with beginnings, middles and ends—she and her writers march to the drums of Beatles and the sexual revolution, RNA, multimedia, artificial hearts, McLuhan, Burgess, Nabokov, Updike, "God Is Dead," "Reality Is a Crutch" . . . and fiction, fiction, fiction as it should be and what fiction is for: people, not ideas. The authors range from Tuli Kupferberg, who is a Fug and will not sue me for saying so, through J. G. Ballard and Brian Aldiss to Carol Emshwiller (a real shocker) and Günter Grass. Throughout, are Miss Merril's interpolations and explanations, articulate, provocative, informative and erudite. Her sources are wider than ever: *Punch* and the English *Argosy*, the disparate *Reviews* called *Transatlantic* and *East Side*, the *New Yorker* and *Cavalier*. And if *SF 12* is a lighted fuse . . .

England Swings is the promised explosion. Here is the New Wave at peak. One cannot say that all the rules are broken in this book, because much of the multi-level, radical-departure material shows the severest discipline. Some of the humor is wild, is outrageous. "Plan for the Assassination of Jacqueline Kennedy," for example, created an enormous flap when it was published in England in the magazine *Ambit*. Yet, again, conventional fiction is by no means abandoned. One story in particular caught my eye and, to be frank, my throat—so sharply and exquisitely wrought a piece is "Sun Push" by (the then) seventeen-year-old Graham Hall that one is simply awed. For a true adventure in reading, one could hardly embark on more exciting conveyances than *SF 12* and *England Swings*. (There are, by the way, two or three stories duplicated in both: never mind that—they're worth your time.)

And to round off this brief view of Miss Merril and her works, we have the three novels in *Daughters of Earth*, which demonstrate, if her commanding position in the field were to make her a commander, she wouldn't send someone to do a job she couldn't do herself. One of the prices of her eminence in sf has been the scarcity of her own writing, which she demonstrated magnificently with her very first story back in the earliest Forties, and in her too few works since. These three novels, though gently paced, take three steps into the future of humanity in space, with the emphasis on the women of the times. One need say no more than that one gets to know these women, and cares. □

An Antique Drum
By Thomas Howard
Lippincott, $5.95

SIXTY YEARS AFTER GKC

JARED C. LOBDELL

This book is dedicated to Professor Clyde Kilby, who is, perhaps, America's leading scholar of the works of C. S. Lewis and J. R. R. Tolkien. The title is taken from T. S. Eliot's "Little Gidding." The author's acknowledgments are to Eliot, Lewis, Tolkien and Charles Williams—"if there is anything here which makes sense, it probably derives from something which one or the other of these gentlemen has said somewhere." In short, before one even begins the book, he knows in what tradition the author stands, and has (if he knows anything about that tradition) a good idea of what sort of things he is likely to say.

In a sense, for one thus prepared, the book is a surprise. For while one frequently hears the voice of C. S. Lewis, and from time to time notes of these other voices, one hears as much, either by itself or in and through the voice of Lewis, the unmistakable tone of G. K. Chesterton—the Chesterton, especially, of the early essays and *The Man Who Was Thursday*. Not, to be sure, that Mr. Howard often writes with Chesterton's formidable and even wearying paradox. But his point is essentially Chestertonian: that man is driven to organize experience ceremonially, or else give way to eventual, even eschatological, disorganization, and the bottomless perdition of *ennui*. In fact, one could, without much distortion, characterize Mr. Howard's book as one that the poet Syme in *The Man Who Was Thursday* might have written had he lived in 1969 rather than 1909.

For, of course, Mr. Howard is sixty years further on into the twentieth century than Chesterton was in his journalistic days: or, to put it another way, the sickness of the twentieth century has progressed sixty years since Chesterton diagnosed it. Even GKC could not have foreseen (though one can imagine the sharpness of his sword in dealing with) Warhol's soup cans—even more his films—and the bedridden life and imagination of Hugh Hefner.

Mr. Howard's sword is not so sharply edged. But the verbal dexterity is there in intermittent flashes—"they were freed from worry about getting their souls into God's heaven by the discovery that they had no souls and God had no heaven"—and so, much more, is the play of acute journalistic observation with the cognizance of everlasting truth. It is in this last quality that Mr. Howard is most like Chesterton. C. S. Lewis was an occasional journalist, it is true, and Williams also; but Lewis' journalism was mostly philosophical and Williams' (when not in the service of theology) mostly potboiling, though he always boiled an honest pot. And journalist is almost the last word one would think of applying to Eliot. It is precisely the last word one would, in his right mind, apply to Professor Tolkien.

All of which, it may be objected, says very little about the quality of the book itself. And for good reason, for the one thing I find myself incapable of determining is just how good this book is. The accuracy as well as the congeniality of its central thesis is evident to anyone of conservative persuasion. But that a book is accurate, still more that it is congenial, still more that its author acknowledges the influence of those same writers whose influence one acknowledges on oneself, is not sufficient grounds for praise. In the end one comes down to the question *cui bono*? Who will profit by reading *An Antique Drum*?

If my own case is a just example—and I enjoyed the book very much—then I am sorry to say that the number of those who will profit from reading it will be very small. For my own enjoyment was compounded of pleasure

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in recognizing some of the sources of Mr. Howard's remarks, of the pleasure which naturally occurs when an author says something which one not only agrees with but feels one might have said oneself had one pursued the matter, and the pleasure which comes from finding one more voice raised (however derivative the voice, though Mr. Howard's introductory disclaimer in fact does him less than justice) in praise of the sacramentalist view of life—"This also is Thou."

Of these, the first is tangential, the second suffocatingly subjective, and the third (in one sense) political and (in any sense) tendentious. Unless the sacramentalist is right, what is the point of welcoming yet another sacramentalist? Moreover, even if he is right, what is the point of welcoming his public espousal of the sacramentalist view (Williams' "Way of Affirmation of Images") unless that espousal will itself convert others?

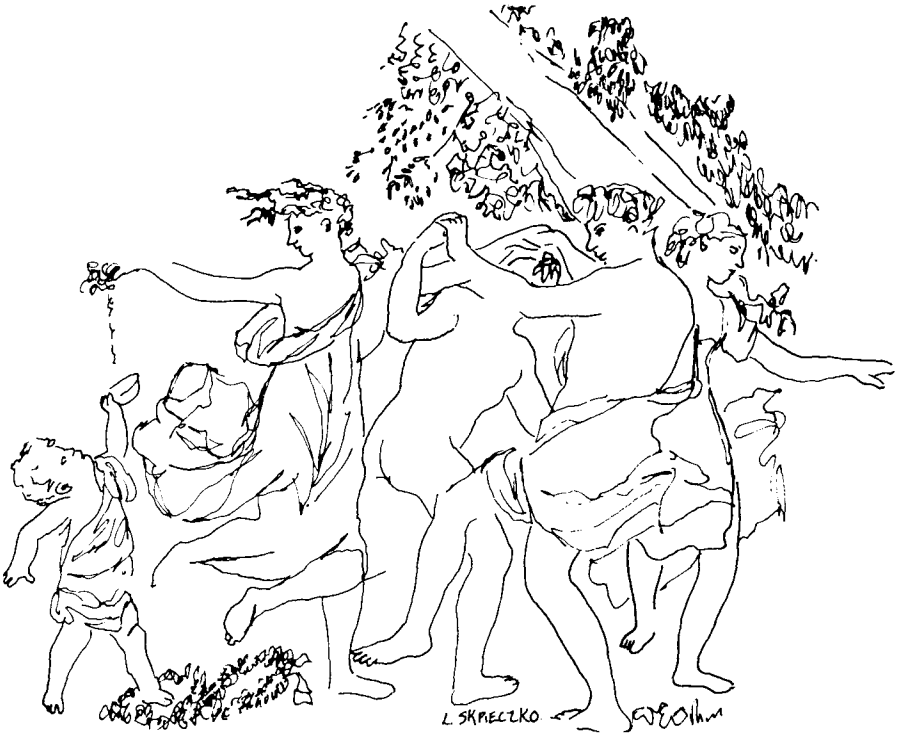
There, I suppose, is the nub of the matter. I wish I could say this book is a minor classic: I wish I could extend my pleasure into praise. But I fear that Mr. Howard is preaching, however well, with whatever niceness of phrase, to converts already made. Those who agree with, and wish to see in modern guise, Herrick's "Who sweeps a room to the Glory of God makes that and the action fine" are commended to this book. I fear that those who do not agree before reading the book are unlikely to agree after reading it. I hope and pray I am wrong. □

The PASSING SCENE

CONFESSION

JOHN BRAINE

The following started life as a sketch in the BBC-TV That Was the Week That Was*: since then it's been all around the world on TV and in cabaret. You are to imagine the speaker as attired in an unfashionably long raincoat, broad trousers with turnups and heavy shoes. He has a white shirt and a very dull tie. Heterosexuals are never with it. I hope that my little flight of fancy will cheer all those who, like me, have no desire to persecute homosexuals but who are sick and tired of being asked to a) understand, b) have compassion for them. We heteros have problems of our own.*



Heterosexuality is an ugly word. Until recently it skulked in the obscurity of medical textbooks. Now, one hears it everywhere. Let us be explicit and fearless about its meaning, then. *Hetero*, as one might expect, is derived from a foreign language, and means "opposite." Therefore, a heterosexual man is sexually attracted only to women and vice versa.

There are few outward signs by which a heterosexual reveals himself, though authorities on the subject claim that a heterosexual will sooner or later give himself away—if only by his clumsiness and coldness and crashing insensitivity. A heterosexual walks—or rather clumps in hobnailed boots and belted trenchcoat—alone. Not for him the joys of true comradeship; his energies are all spent in the pursuit of women. There is nothing he longs for more than a night out with the boys, but a night out with the boys—in the truest, deepest sense—is precisely what he can never enjoy. He is too busy making passes at the barmaid.

What is being done about this problem? Very little. The prevalent official attitude is simply to make heterosexuality as difficult as possible, to scoop it under the carpet.

How do I know all this?

I am a heterosexual.

It began early with me, at my public school. I won't say which one . . . I have dishonored it enough already. I was fourteen years old, apparently a happy, wholesome, normal lad, making friendships which would stand me in good stead for the rest of my life, when suddenly I realized that I didn't feel as I should toward the Captain of the Eleven. I couldn't disguise my growing conviction that he was a big, fat, boring slob. The padre, the housemaster, the housemaster's wife, did their level best to help, but I left school under a cloud.

I became an up and coming young executive. My field was corsets. I was good at my job, then one afternoon, I found it necessary to take a client to a strip club. I was watching a young lady in a G-string wrestling with a stuffed snake when, to my horror, I discovered that I violently desired her. I tried to believe that it was something I had eaten. I tried to behave normally, and only looked at the audience. But it was no use. I enjoyed looking at naked women.

Of course, my work began to suffer. I lost my job. Now I am a doorman at the strip club which was the cause of my downfall. I am not actively unhappy, and sometimes the young ladies let me take them home, but it's a strange twilight world I live in. I have fallen farther than most, because I had farther to fall.

Mine is a sad story, but heterosexuals do not cry. I am not a criminal. Before you condemn me out of hand, try and see me as I am, a lost and lonely soul, with perhaps, a more than passing resemblance to—dare I say it?—yourselves. □

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FILM CHRONICLE

THE NEW YORK FILM FESTIVAL

RICHARD CORLISS

I returned from Europe, where my wife had been refused entrance to St. Peter's because of a not very (but too) short dress, to New York City, where the Electric Circus discotheque was offering free admission on Sundays to girls without bras. This abrupt gear-shifting seemed an appropriate preparation for the tedious political and sexual excesses sure to be unreeled at the Seventh New York Film Festival. But, lo! The New was suitably wrung out, and the Old—the joyous, the innocent, the ineffably moving—was rung in. Due to an astonishing series of early films unearthed by the American Film Institute, there were more formidable films representing 1926 (or 1928) than 1969—and the sleeper of the new group was an almost Jansenistically austere romantic comedy whose philosophical fulcrum was the mathematics and theology of Blaise Pascal.

I didn't see many of the top-billed, top-priced events (nine of the 23 features in Alice Tully Hall, to be exact, of which only six were new) and there was undoubted worth in the material I missed, such as Ingmar Bergman's *The Ritual*, Bo Widerberg's *Ådalen 31* and Robert Bresson's *Une Femme Douce*. But, because of a budding catholicity among United States distributors, these will open commercially soon, and I'm assured by Festival regulars that I caught a representative sampling. True, of the six new ones, only two were unendurable: Walerian Borowczyk's *Goto, Island of Love*, which was pure punishment—ninety minutes of fingernails on the blackboard—and Susan Sontag's *Duet for Cannibals*. Sontag has probably coaxed more intelligent people into seeing more boring films (like those of Marguerite Duras) and more execrable experiments (*Flaming Creatures*, torch bearer of the Camp fires) than any other critic. Her first film, a flat, impractical joke involving submission, psychosis, suicide and lots of vomiting, is at least bad in new ways; but even fellow critics who plan to make movies of their own shouldn't have let this one slip through, nor should the Festival Program Committee, of which Sontag is . . . hmmm . . . a member.

Juro Jakubisko's *The Deserter and the Nomads* fits nicely into the by now well-defined Festival Film genre. The picture has all the accoutrements: it comes from a fashionable country (Czechoslovakia); it strikes the proper political pose (antiwar); it is thematically ambitious (covering the aftermath of World Wars I, II and III) and formally inventive (in its use of colors that combine the surreal with the so real—some of the film's weirdest scenes are tinged with that familiar "Kodak-100 Blue" that outlines the images in our oldest verifiable memories). What's missing here (as in Richard Lester's latest tap-dancing teach-in, *The Bed Sitting Room*, which meets most of the above requirements except for subtitles that might obfuscate some of the verbal inadequacies and qualify it for Festival showing) is a mind behind the eye and voice. As it is, the panoply of gorgeous colors acts as penumbral, penetrable armor for a sadly vulnerable body of ideas and rhetoric. Dressing a corpse in Givenchy doesn't hide the odor; applying a dazzling rouge to political clichés only emphasizes the film-maker's cheek.

I hate to sound like a lonely echo from the Gutenberg Era, but a witty, well-made script wouldn't hurt either of these attractive pictures. Though the

THE LIBERAL'S LEXICON

(Reprinted from *So You Want to Be a Liberal?* by Dr. Ernst Angst with a special introduction by Victor Gold [Arlington House, $4.95], which also includes The Libword of the Year 1963-69; "A Liberal Copyreads the Preamble"; Dr. Angst's list of the First Fifty Liberals; and even a Libographic Map of the World ["The longest journey begins with a single stop. . ."]. Illustrations by Mary Gauerke.)

ABSOLUTE POWER: That which corrupts absolutely, e.g., *Franco Spain*, as distinguished from Absolute Corruption, which empowers absolutely, e.g., *Cook County, Illinois*.

BERLIN WALL: High point of Kennedy Administration foreign policy: approximately 25 ft. 10 in. at Checkpoint Charlie.

DISENCHANTED: Dissident left-wingers. See also *alienated, estranged.*

DISGRUNTLED: Dissident right-wingers. See also *frustrated, dangerous.*

GUILT BY ASSOCIATION: Also MCCARTHYISM. Discredited right-wing technique of attacking liberals on the basis of past business, professional or political affiliations. Not to be confused with liberal politicians' TELLING IT LIKE IT IS, e.g., "*It was an actor who assassinated Lincoln, you know.*" (Gov. Pat Brown, quoted during Brown-Reagan California campaign, 1966.)

LOOTING: Revolution of rising expectations.

MAINSTREAM: Wherever Nelson Rockefeller happens to be up the creek at a given moment in history.

NEUTRALISM: Moral right of Asian and African nations to avoid involvement in wars against Communist aggression.

NEUTRALITY: Immoral policy of Western nations which avoid involvement in wars against fascist aggression.

OLD MYTHS, NEW REALITIES: Fulbrightism, e.g., the U.S. right to protect its sphere of influence is an OLD MYTH, while the Chinese right to protect its sphere of influence is a NEW REALITY.

RELATIVITY: Liberal absolute.

RIOTING: Creative tension. See also, CRIME IN THE STREETS.

STEREOTYPE: False calumnious class generalizations rejected by liberals, e.g., *All Negroes are shiftless, ignorant; all Jews are scheming, avaricious; all Mexicans are foul-mouthed; all Irishmen over-imbibe.* Such irrational canards are spread by shiftless, ignorant white Southerners, scheming, avaricious right-wing Texas millionaires; foul-mouthed Big Businessmen and the besotted membership of restricted WASP country clubs.

THRUST: In liberal speech, study or monologue, that which is being meaningfully articulated.

VIGILANTES: Right-wingers who take the law into their own hands, as opposed to left-wingers who, while superficially doing the same thing, are actually *responding to a higher law.*

WOEFULLY INADEQUATE: Liberal speaker's description of non-liberal approach to NAGGING PROBLEM, for which he recommends MASSIVE PROGRAM.

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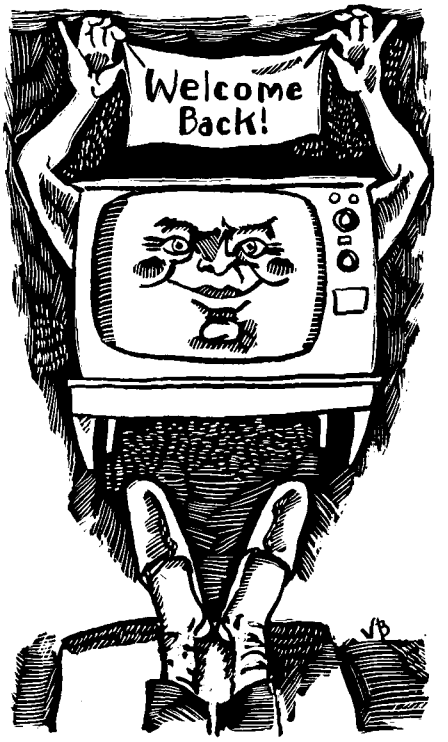
emphasis given to film directors as *auteurs* is certainly justifiable, it has diminished, if not denied, the credit due to screenwriters. As a result, too many films, especially those aimed for festivals where "visual style" reigns supreme, are over-directed and underwritten; and the bulk of the movie audience, bored to rage by film-makers' formalist "statements," has abandoned the theaters for the familiarity of living-room TV, and deserted the strident, often confusing, *auteur* cinema for the comforting humanity and vivid characterizations of *acteur* movies on television.

THERE'S PLENTY of verbalizing in Jean-Luc Godard's Festival contribution, *Le Gai Savoir*, which is what keeps it from succeeding. Actually, the words "success" and "failure" are rarely used in the two Godard camps (pro and anti). The admirers and the revilers have agreed to disagree: Godard is blazing some kind of cinematic trail; fellow travelers follow, while the disgruntled stand to the side muttering and scattering tacks. Among the faithful, gradations in specific Godard films are as difficult to distinguish as Cherubim from Seraphim; agnostics quibble about which Circle of Hell he belongs in—should it be Circle 6, for Heretics, or Circle 8 (Bolgia 6), for Hypocrites?

Both sides credit Godard too much, and not enough. They give his work the blessing/curse usually bestowed on such matters of taste as caviar, Corfu and cuffless trousers: *de gustibus non est disputandum*, and that's that. To the disinterested critic, whose motto must be *de filmibus omnis est disputandum*, Godard is an artist whose *works* must be considered individually, though in the context of his general *work*, and whose films are as likely as those of Nicholas, Satyajit or Aldo Ray to be successes or failures within the limits set by his ambitions and apprehensions.

Godard's vaunted uniqueness is largely economic. The film experiments he conducts are similar, in intent and scope if not form, to those of the penurious American avant garde, but he works on a budget of about $200,000 (not unusually small for French films) and with a contract for theatrical distribution. When compared with the commercial cinema, by critics whose understanding of the avant garde is limited by ignorant distaste, Godard's older films are indeed exceptional. With *La Chinoise* (1967) and *Weekend* (1968), Godard expanded the commercial, narrative film form to its and his limit. In *Le Gai Savoir* (which means Joyful Wisdom, but is popularly known as The Gay Savior), that elastic bond between him and narrative film has snapped. The film dispenses entirely with plot and character, and is thus not an inexpensive, furiously and sometimes aimlessly inventive commercial film, like its predecessors, but an avant-garde superproduction—part documentary, part abstract, part philosophical, part polemical. And when compared with the works of American independents like Bruce Conner, Ed Emshwiller, Will Hindle and Stan Brakhage, Godard's films are neither unique nor even very special.



Godard's got a great eye, and a neat hand, so *Le Gai Savoir* is visually and calligraphically impressive: the lighting of the principal performers, the handwriting on the posters, even the type of the subtitles, white and firm against the often-black screen. But the film is primarily verbal (intellectual, say the pros; but not intelligent, cry the antis); everything else acts as a visual aid to this, the Cultural Revolution's first feature-length film lecture. Godard has always veered away from philosophy and toward philosophistry, and he seems to realize this in *Le Gai Savoir*, for his pair of puppets occasionally deliver his manifestoes on language, film and Revolution (Number One on this year's Pop Word list) simultaneously.

Godard's political pontificating has become so facile and fatuous lately that an armchair radical friend of mine wondered if he didn't mean it all facetiously. But tongue-in-cheek send-ups or foot-in-mouth sincerity, it doesn't matter to the initiates. Like McLuhan's books, Godard's films are considered valid even when the parts are invalid—*gestalt* criticism at its sloppiest. *La Chinoise* contained some ill-considered syllogisms, but they were spoken by a group of alternately charming and frightening characters. It's sad to discover that the banalities one applauded as satire in one film turn out to be the director's credo in another, and that Godard's audience apparently can't distinguish the two, either.

DAMN GODARD! Love him or hate him, he's so important and so much fun to argue about, that critics end up spending the space on him they should be devoting to unsung, unblemished films like *Ma Nuit Chez Maud* and *One Fine Day*. (I've got another long paragraph, on Godard's word-play, that'll have to wait until his next film.) In a year that has given us lovable gangsters (*Devil By The Tail*), lovable cuckolds (*The Bliss of Mrs. Blossom*) and lovable pimps (*Midnight Cowboy*), filmmaker Eric Rohmer has achieved the unthinkable: the protagonist of *Ma Nuit Chez Maud* (My Night at Maud's) is a lovable devout Catholic. He works, as did Pascal, in the French provincial town of Clermont. The film consists almost entirely of discussions on Catholicism, both Pascalian and modern. Besides Jean-Louis (played with endearing care by Jean-Louis Trintingnant), the participants are a Marxist mathematician, a recent divorcée and a young woman, another practicing Catholic.

Like *Le Gai Savoir*, Rohmer's film is predominantly verbal—but the words here are connected to both ideas and people. The ideas have the richness and ambiguity that Godard's slogans lack. The people define themselves for us, their thoughts and feelings, by discussing Pascal. They are so engaging, after an evening with Godard's all-present automatons, because they have pasts, because they live and communicate a living experience rather than some offhand propaganda. *Ma Nuit Chez Maud* is notable for the mathematical restraint of its editing and the geometry of its romantic pairings: like *La Ronde*, it is a comedy, for we are removed enough from the characters to notice the parallel and perpendicular matings. But above all this, the film is human, and thus, from this jaded point of view at

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least, divine. Pascal would have been pleased.

One Fine Day is the third feature fiction film by Ermanno Olmi, whose earlier works, *Il Posto* and *The Fiancés*, combined the social compassion of the postwar Neo-Realists with the psychological precision of early-Sixties Antonioni. Nothing really happens in Olmi's films, but something is always happening—between actor and director, camera and image, eye and mind, film and viewer. Certain critics have insinuated that the art-house crowd liked Olmi's first two features because the leading performers had big Bambi eyes; *One Fine Day*'s non-hero is a fiftyish executive with only creases to look out of. The film is sad, and a little tiring, but next to most Festival films, it is an encouraging, unfashionable work with a mind and heart of its own.

THE REVELATION of the Festival was the National Film Collection, where, as soon as I discovered the relative merit, I spent most of my time. The viewer in me was delighted, touched, cleansed by such masterworks as George Seitz's *The Vanishing American* (1926), James Whale's *The Old Dark House* (1932), Buster Keaton's *The Cameraman* (1928), and King Vidor's *The Patsy* (1928) with Marion Davies; the publicist in me must report that, unless an enterprising and enlightened 16mm. distributor acquires these films, you'll never see them. If only (and, certainly, only) because the Festival showed these films—that entertained instead of punishing, that moved me to laughter and tears, that just made me feel good—it must be considered . . . dare we say "success"? □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE TRUTH ABOUT BOULWARISM, *by Lemuel R. Boulware (Bureau of National Affairs, $7.50)*. For fourteen years ending in 1961, the author was Vice President, Employee and Community Relations for General Electric. He did such an effective job of revamping GE's approach to his area of responsibility that "Boulwarism" was coined as a pejorative term meaning the refusal by management to amend a first offer in labor negotiations. Going far beyond mere bargaining tactics, Boulware heavily emphasized economic education of management, union members and community opinion leaders in order to make it "good politics" to support GE. He did away with secrecy at the bargaining table and applied aggressive marketing techniques to sell GE's positions directly to its employees and communities alike, thus avoiding unrealistic low offers followed by enough raises to reach agreement with union officials. One wishes that all businessmen would take the offensive with the concepts Boulware prompted, such as unemployment being a shortage of employers, and true bargaining only existing between two parties equally able to accept or reject the other's offer. But his emphasis on the "common good" exposes the self-contradictory nature of his unstated premises. If businessmen had Boulware as their only teacher, his rambling paragraph-length sentences would inevitably dull their interest. In Boulware's own terms, his ideas need better marketing. What anti-collectivist idea don't? D. B. DUVAL

WHO SHOULD RUN THE UNIVERSITIES? *by John A. Howard and H. Bruce Franklin (American Enterprise Institute, $5.75)*. This installment in AEI's "rational debate" series offers a spirited exchange between the conservative Dr. Howard and Marxist Franklin on the purpose of higher education. Franklin offers a straight Marxist approach; Howard, conservatism with a difference. One excellent point made by the latter concerns the sharp divergence between faculty members and students over the major goal of the universities. From the faculty point of view, he avers (and quotes McGeorge Bundy and a survey of 7,500 academicians to prove his point), the main point of education is . . . the faculty. The faculty's "right to academic freedom," Howard concludes, is most worthwhile—but hardly the purpose of education, which after all should have something to do with teaching students. An illuminating rehearsal of this and many other campus issues. M. S. EVANS

SURPRISES OF THE SUN, *by James McAuley (Angus and Robertson, $1.95)*. James McAuley seems to me the greatest and perhaps the only great poet writing in English since W. B. Yeats. As with Yeats, his disadvantage, in terms of recognition due, is that he chose as home an island (Tasmania) remote from the great literary capitals (other things that have militated against his reputation in a world still strangle-held by the secular Left are his Roman Catholic traditionalism and his political and literary conservatism). In any case, not many people who purchase the present collection of 44 poems will realize that they have brought away a volume very likely to become a collector's item. These recent poems, like those gathered in the 1963 *Selected Poems*, have every virtue, every grace. The astonishing thing is that McAuley is almost always at his best; he can seldom be faulted either as *vates* or as *artifex*. He has the depth and brilliance of Yeats, without the Irish poet's notorious lapses of taste, logic and common sense. R. BEUM

LETTERS

(Continued from page 1151)

vision camera that she has eight illegitimate children because she can't take the pill and what she really wants is a little house on Long Island. And the audience is expected to be indignant with the government for not giving it to her. The welfare system has become absurd and certainly more money will only make it more absurd.

To contend, as Mrs. Hazelton seems to, that the poor can't improve themselves because they haven't the background, is as defeating to the spirit as to say that they can't improve themselves because they haven't the brains. Society *must* stop patronizing them and act under the assumption that they can. The poor are encouraged to look on welfare as a permanent condition with governmental generosity as their only hope for a better life. Every time we tell a slum family that it deserves more than the subsistence dole we hurt that family's chances for success. And until we realize that, we will have to live with and support a permanent welfare population.

Fairfield, Conn. PATRICIA COYNE

BONG! *Back to your corners, ladies.* —ED.

Boos and Bravos

No one can write adequately about "Music and Immortality" [*NR*, Oct. 21]. And *certainly* no one can do so in eight hundred words. No one but Bill Rickenbacker.

Baltimore, Md. GARRY WILLS

Mr. Sparrow's review of Herbert Marcuse [*NR*, Oct. 21] is as admirable as its subject is contemptible: very admirable.

New York, N.Y. ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG

Of course I'm all for freedom of the press and so forth, but don't you think that Ramada Inns ad in *NR* [October 21] goes a bit too far? I mean, when a journal employing the language of people like Edmund Burke and the Founding Fathers allows words (?) like Action/People, Rapiditivity, Economation, and Comflexability, civilization is endangerized!

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

BENNETT CERF:
FAREWELL AND HAIL

When Bob Friend retired from big-league baseball in 1967, he was referred to as an aging veteran. That fall he was elected Allegheny County controller and was promptly hailed in Pittsburgh papers as one of the youngest and most promising of the new Republicans.
(*Reader's Digest*, July, 1968.)

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WAUGH

(Continued from page 1169)

Wilson is only kept in power because he is a paramour of the Queen, who owns ICI, and the whisky monopoly; President de Gaulle was toppled by the CIA because he was preparing for a pre-emptive nuclear strike against America.

Lovely, lovely people. On my first day in Ann Arbor, which was a Sunday, I saw hundreds of students with their faces painted white. They had been to the Episcopalian church, they said, where the clergyman had shown them slides of circus life and given them white paint, in order to produce a circus atmosphere. I wish I could have met the clergyman, and feel sure that he was an Englishman with a nasty sense of humor. Perhaps Mr. Moynihan is right, and we shall never live to see what the world would be like with these people at its helm. The span which is left to us will be a wonderful time for those who have a taste for practical jokes. □

DE TOLEDANO

(Continued from page 1166)

employees—if Darlington was to survive. At this time, the Textile Workers of America began an organizing drive at Darlington, until then non-union. Union organizers promised that if they won the right to bargain collectively, they would block the reorganization of Darlington. And the union did win, by a six-vote margin. Obviously, Darlington could not survive under these circumstances, and the stockholders voted overwhelmingly to shut down the plant and cut their losses. The machinery was sold forthwith. The Textile Workers Union then filed a complaint with the National Labor Relations Board charging "unfair labor practices."

In April of 1957, the NLRB trial examiner ruled that Darlington's economic plight warranted the shutdown, the unfair labor practice existed only because of the timing of the shutdown, but that Darlington would have gone out of business in short order. The examiner recommended that the NLRB refrain from granting Darlington workers "lost" wages because no manufacturing plant existed. The NLRB postponed any decision on the case but ordered the trial examiner to take evidence to the connection between Darlington and Deering Milliken. After 2,500 pages of additional testimony and four hundred pages of exhibit, the trial examiner ruled that, divested of legal language, Deering Milliken was not a party to the dispute. Two years later, the NLRB returned the case to the trial examiner for further hearings.

Faced by this harassment, Deering Milliken filed suit against the NLRB, asking the Federal District Court in North Carolina to enjoin the trial examiner from reopening the case. The NLRB appealed the Federal District Court injunction to the Fourth Circuit Court of Appeals. Judge Haynsworth, though his ruling states that the NLRB had not done its statutory duty of deciding the case within a reasonable time, nevertheless modified the district court injunction and allowed the trial examiner to take new testimony as to whether Deering Milliken rather than Darlington was the "single employer" and therefore a party to the suit. The trial examiner's recommendations were as before, specifically that the NLRB and its general counsel had not shown that Deering Milliken was the "single employer." The NLRB thereupon reversed its own trial examiner and ruled that Deering Milliken was the "single employer" and therefore answerable for the shutting of the plant. The Fourth Circuit Court refused to sustain the NLRB in a decision written by a judge other than Haynsworth. This decision was in line with the preponderance of rulings made by other federal courts of appeal.

Enter now the Surpeme Court. Having heard argument, it did not reverse the decision in which Judge Haynsworth had concurred. The high court merely said that certain essential information had not been developed so far in the litigation. By steps the case moved back to the trial examiner who said that Darlington had not been closed in order to discourage unionism in Deering Milliken plants. He also dismissed all the charges against Deering Milliken. The NLRB again overruled its own trial examiner and the case moved up to the Fourth Circuit Court which sustained the NLRB, with Judge Haynsworth concurring.

This is the case which *Time* so whimsically characterized in one brief paragraph distinguished by an error in almost every sentence.

It is out of this case that *Time* found the inspiration to march on Judge Haynsworth—a case about a plant which was already dismantled when it reached Judge Haynsworth, who presumably subverted the law to put Vendamatic machines into the ghost premises—or to pick up a couple of extra bucks from Deering Milliken. An aspiring candidate for the Ph.D could come up with some interesting notes on the nature of the news media were he to follow that story from the research files and the memoranda from *Time* correspondents, through the writer's copy, to the hapless checker who must, according to *Time*'s rules, find corroboration for every word in a *Time* story.

Was she asleep at the switch, too busy reading the underground press, or —as it happened repeatedly in Whittaker Chambers' day—was the research file simply spirited away by an eager anti-Nixonite, forcing her to rely on the *New York Times*? □

"Whenever a woman and a man compete for the same job he gets it every time!"

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

On The Right

The Sophists Will Play

New York, Nov. 3—There are a few predictable things in this world. One of them is that in due course the Supreme Court will outlaw capital punishment (on the grounds that it has become cruel and unusual punishment). Another is that in due course the abortion laws will be removed (on such grounds as have recently been intimated by the Supreme Court of the State of California).

The California high court is a sort of junior Warren court, going in for far-out decisions. Yet some of these are as carefully drawn out as any of Xeno's conundrums, and the patina of logic is apparently tight and snug. The lawyers are talking about the Court's decision *in re Dr. Belous*, handed down in September; and the abortion lobby is wild with delight. Here is the case.

IN JANUARY 1967, a young pregnant woman presented herself, along with her lover, to a Dr. Belous in Los Angeles whom she knew to be sympathetic to abortion. She asked him to perform an abortion, and he declined, citing the law. She had hysterics, threatened the doctor that she would cross the line to Tijuana and throw herself at the mercy of the butchers and finally he scribbled a name and telephone number on a piece of paper and handed it to her. She went to the indicated address, paid the fee, and submitted to an abortion. Before she had recovered, policemen on the trail of illegal abortionists entered the practitioner's quarters, seized his records, noted that Dr. Belous had referred the young girl, picked up Belous, who was then tried and convicted and sentenced to a $5,000 fine and loss of his license for two years.

The doctor appealed.

The Supreme Court undertook to examine carefully the Penal Code, and with especial rigor the phrase, "necessary to preserve her life." That phrase is taken from the original anti-abortion statute which reads, "Every person who provides, supplies, or administers to any woman, any instrument . . . with intent thereby to procure the miscarriage of such woman, unless the same is necessary to preserve her life, is punishable by imprisonment in the state prison no less than two or more than five years."

THE COURT HOLDS that "necessary to preserve her life" is one of those phrases which haven't a meaning precise enough adequately to define what it is exactly that the law proscribes. In other words, different doctors might reach different conclusions concerning whether, in a given situation, an abortion was "necessary" in order to "preserve" a "life."

What if the woman threatened to take her own life? Wouldn't an abortion be justified under the circumstances? Or take now the really tough one. Approximately 29 out of 100,000 women die in childbirth. The statistics on abortion done under clinically sound conditions in the first trimester of pregnancy are not clear, but it appears that the risk of death will be substantially below that figure. Can't a pregnant woman, under the circumstances, ask for an abortion on the grounds that the state may not force her to take a risk which could jeopardize her life?

The court, while meditating on the "relative safety" rule, declined to invoke it as in and of itself invalidating the Penal Code. But it hinted plainly that such reasoning was attractive, and otherwise suggested that it bore on the "fundamental right of the woman to choose whether to bear children," which in turn derives from "the Supreme Court's and this court's repeated acknowledgement of a 'right of privacy' or 'liberty' in matters 'related to marriage, family, and sex.' "

What finally swung the Court was the argument that the doctor who was left to decide whether his decision to permit an abortion was permitted or not under the statute faced legally inadmissible pressures. If he declined to counsel abortion and the woman died, he goes scot free. If he counseled the abortion and the jury disagreed as to its necessity, he goes to jail. "The delegation of decision-making power to a directly involved individual violates the Fourteenth Amendment . . . the statute assumes to confer legislative authority upon those who are directly interested in the operation of the regulatory rule."

So: the doctor is sprung. And you have a more greatly confused situation than you had before. But this is inevitable until the law says something about the right of the embryo. Thus far it is only the natural law that asserts the rights of the unborn child. □

MR. AGNEW AND THE DEMONSTRATORS

New York, Oct. 28 — I wish that Spiro Agnew hadn't said it. It was careless, silly, and analytically indefensible. The entire sentence read: "A spirit of national masochism prevails encouraged by an effete corps of impudent snobs who characterize themselves as intellectuals."

To begin with, the rhetorical arrangement is extremely unsatisfactory. The word "snob" should rarely be preceded by an adjective, because it is a word that has to stand on its own two feet. An "effete corps" has its stresses wrong, which is itself distracting. And then again, one doesn't think of people who are "impudent" as being "effete," unless one is engaged in characterizations so subtle that they are better executed by Jane Austen than Spiro Agnew.

WHAT DOES he mean, men who "characterize themselves as intellectuals"? That used to be a favorite of George Wallace, only he would reduce it to "so-called intellectuals." "So-called" has become, simply, a pejorative, even when it is used meaninglessly. In the early Sixties, the columnist Murray Kempton went down to Atlanta, stepped into a cab and asked the driver to take him to the address of "Dr. Martin Luther King." The driver refused to move. Kempton tried again: "Take me to the so-called Dr. Martin Luther King." The driver instantly complied.

The fact of the matter is that some of the supporters, indeed many of the supporters, of the Moratorium are "intellectuals" by any definition. If they were a little bit less intellectual, as a matter of fact, they might have more

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sense, a point the Vice President might have made, even though it is platitudinous. Though surely once you've seen one platitude, you have not seen them all? Add to it all Mr. Agnew's statement a few days earlier, to the effect that the protesters were "misfits," "people who couldn't make it on their own," it was a pretty bad performance. Mr. Agnew is not skilled in polemics, and therefore should not engage in them without help.

These are criticisms I make reluctantly because the critics of Mr. Agnew will have jumped him roundly by the time these words are in print—oh, how they will roast him. The trouble is that these same critics are not entirely convincing because of their own tolerance, nay their appetite, for hyperbole when it comes in from the other side. "Hey Hey LBJ/How many kids did you kill today?" That was all right. Ditto an off-Broadway play the thinly disguised thesis of which was that Lyndon Johnson had organized the assassination of John F. Kennedy.

The slogans of the Left argue that the age of rhetorical totalism is upon us. Thus Martin Luther King denounced America as the principal purveyor of violence in the world today, and compared America to Nazi Germany, an analogy he had practiced on Goldwater a couple of years earlier. Speaking of whom, over one fortnight during 1964, Emmanuel Celler, George Meany and Martin Luther King made comparisons between the Goldwater movement and the rise of the Nazi Party. The published protests could have been printed on the head of a pin. How Mr. Goldwater must have dreamed of the luxury of being called an impudent snob!

WHAT IS the worst that one can say about the Moratorium-makers? I got into trouble four years ago by referring to the "epicene resentment" of that season's demonstrators against Vietnam. Mayor Lindsay instantly reported that I was calling all the demonstrators fags, an observation which says something either about the Mayor's political morals, or about his understanding of the uses of English. I had noted in 1965 what was equally relevant one week ago. "What *would* that group [of protesters] die for? Their idealism? What are the idealisms of the young protestors? Freer education? More free speech at the University of California? Why did not a single one of the demonstrators denounce the Vietcong imperialists? What goes on in the minds . . . of the youth who fret and fuss and moan over a minimum wage of only $1.25, and strut their epicene resentment over a gallant national effort to keep an entire section of the globe from sinking into the subhuman wretchedness of Asiatic Communism? Why do they demand that the United States withdraw, but fail to demand that the Communists withdraw? They are the kind of people who would have deserted little Anne Frank, if her tormentors had been Communists rather than Nazis."

That was tough, but also true; continuingly true. □

AGNEW COMES THROUGH

New York, Nov. 3—My recent criticisms of Mr. Agnew's rhetoric have misled a number of readers, including the Vice President, to believing that I disapprove of the VP, or of the substance of his thought. That impression needs to be corrected, most particularly after Mr. Agnew's speech of October 30 at Harrisburg.

That speech, although it had in it a lot of the barroom rhetoric of the famous New Orleans speech in which he referred to the Moratorium-makers as impudent snobs, conveyed the outlines of his disapproval much more clearly, and I take the opportunity to associate myself with them. His attempt to defend his use of "impudent" and "snob" was not altogether successful, to be sure. He said that the demonstrators were "impudent" because "anyone who impugns a legacy of liberty and dignity that reaches back to Moses is impudent."

The point, so brazenly put forward, is subtly made. Indeed it does require impudence to proceed athwart the collected wisdom of our ancestors. The trouble is, the Moratorium people, or at any rate most of them, do not consider that by asking that we terminate the Vietnam war, they are rescinding the Decalogue; though most of them, in their moral cocksureness, would probably not hesitate to do so as convenience, or Dr. Kinsey, demanded. He called them "snobs," Mr. Agnew added, because "most of them disdain to mingle with the masses who work for a living." That is neither a documented truth about the habits of the Moratorium workers, nor a valid point. Someone like, say, the Reverend William Sloane Coffin Jr., may not spend a great deal of time with the masses who work for a living simply because his profession requires him to spend time elsewhere.

Mr. Agnew is a little closer to the target when he charges that "they mock the common man's pride in his work, his family and his country." That is true of some of the demonstrators, and it remains the Vice President's principal difficulty that he assigns to the lot of them the attributes of the few, although some generalities are in order.

Which Mr. Agnew makes robustly. He said, at Harrisburg, that "it is time to stop dignifying the immature actions of arrogant, reckless, inexperienced elements within our society." Bullseye. The notion that we must fawn on every protester on the grounds that he is an epistemological dowser is pretty tiresome, let's face it.

IF MARK RUDD ever discovers a legitimate social protest, it will be only after the cow has jumped over the moon, and the Vice President's impatience with the presumptions of many of the protesters is heart-warming. He then comes in strong again with a more targeted point. "I do not believe that demonstrations, lawful or unlawful, merit my approval or even my silence where the purpose is fundamentally unsound. In the case of the Vietnam Moratorium, the objective announced by the leaders —immediate unilateral withdrawal of all our forces from Vietnam—was not only unsound but idiotic."

In other words, the Vice President reserves the right to protest the protesters. Critics of the harshness of his language are invited to inspect their own language. Those who say that it is seemly for, say, an ordained minister to ask publicly how many kids did LBJ kill today, but unseemly for the Vice President to call people who say that kind of thing "idiotic" are, well, come to think of it, idiotic.

And then a most profound point. "America's pluralistic society was forged on the premise that what unites us in ideals is greater than what divides us as individuals." That is brilliantly and devastatingly true, the notion that a viable society is impossible in the absence of a minimal consensus. It is also true that, if not all of them by any means, many of those leaders most conspicuously associated with the Moratorium are drop-outs from the American proposition: men and women who flatly and categorically disdain America, and reject America's ideals.

I note Mr. Nixon's warm personal endorsement of Mr. Agnew. It is true that there are obvious organizational reasons to explain the official bear hug. But the occasional rhetorical misfires aside, Mr. Agnew is doing okay, and the impudent yelping of some of his snobbish critics is music to the ear. □

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By SVEND PETERSEN

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E. A tribunal that has grown in numbers — 7 13 39 45 60 98 116 139 153 170 181 190 20

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T. What Jacob and Esau were — 141 210 34 122 14

U. Go not from ———. (Luke 10:7) — 143 211 19 32 42 82 91 93 146 186 195 202

V. A youth unintentionally killed by Hercules — 149 61 208 38 24 140 198

W. Any pimplelike or blisterlike swelling or elevation — 155 125 203 150 189 176 25

X. The formulator of the theory of relativity — 68 6 41 201 187 100 126 47

Y. The coming of Jesus Christ into the world — 75 123 151 43 57 89

Z. To assemble — 79 188 44 192 135 70 144

a. A figure with nine sides and nine angles — 94 101 171 48 69 62 180 112

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 1180 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram

1 S	2 A	3 D	4 I		5 Q	6 X	7 E	8 O	9 A	10 I	11 H		12 R	13 E	14 T		15 Q	16 I	
17 K	18 M	19 U	20 E	21 S		22 F	23 N	24 V	25 W		26 O	27 L	28 P	29 B		30 Q	31 R	32 U	33 H
34 T	35 O	36 I	37 S	38 V	39 E		40 Q	41 X	42 U		43 Y	44 Z	45 E	46 C	47 X	48 a		49 G	50 O
	51 N	52 H	53 J		54 O	55 S	56 I	57 Y	58 R		59 D	60 E	61 V	62 a	63 S	64 O		65 A	66 N
67 O	68 X		69 a	70 Z	71 I		72 O	73 S		74 P	75 Y	76 S		77 I	78 H	79 Z	80 A	81 C	
82 U	83 G		84 D	85 I	86 P	87 F		88 M	89 Y		90 C	91 U		92 G	93 U	94 a		95 J	
96 N		97 K	98 E	99 M	100X	101a	102P	103N	104A	105F		106B	107F	108H	109L		110A	111L	
112a	113H	114R	115A	116E	117C	118M	119N	120B	121P	122T	123Y		124C	125W	126X	127R	128K	129L	130D
	131J	132C	133M	134P	135Z	136F		137B	138C	139E	140V	141T		142M	143U	144Z		145R	146U
147S	148P	149V	150W		151Y	152C	153E	154S	155W	156G	157J	158K	159L	160Q	161R		162J	163M	164D
165F	166K		167J	168F		169M	170E	171a	172P		173G	174K	175Q	176W		177N	178H		179G
180a	181E	182L		183G	184K	185R	186U	187X		188Z	189W	190E		191J	192Z	193L	194N	195U	196A
197K	198V		199G	200J	201X	202U	203W		204L	205Q	206D	207S		208V	209S	210T		211U	212S

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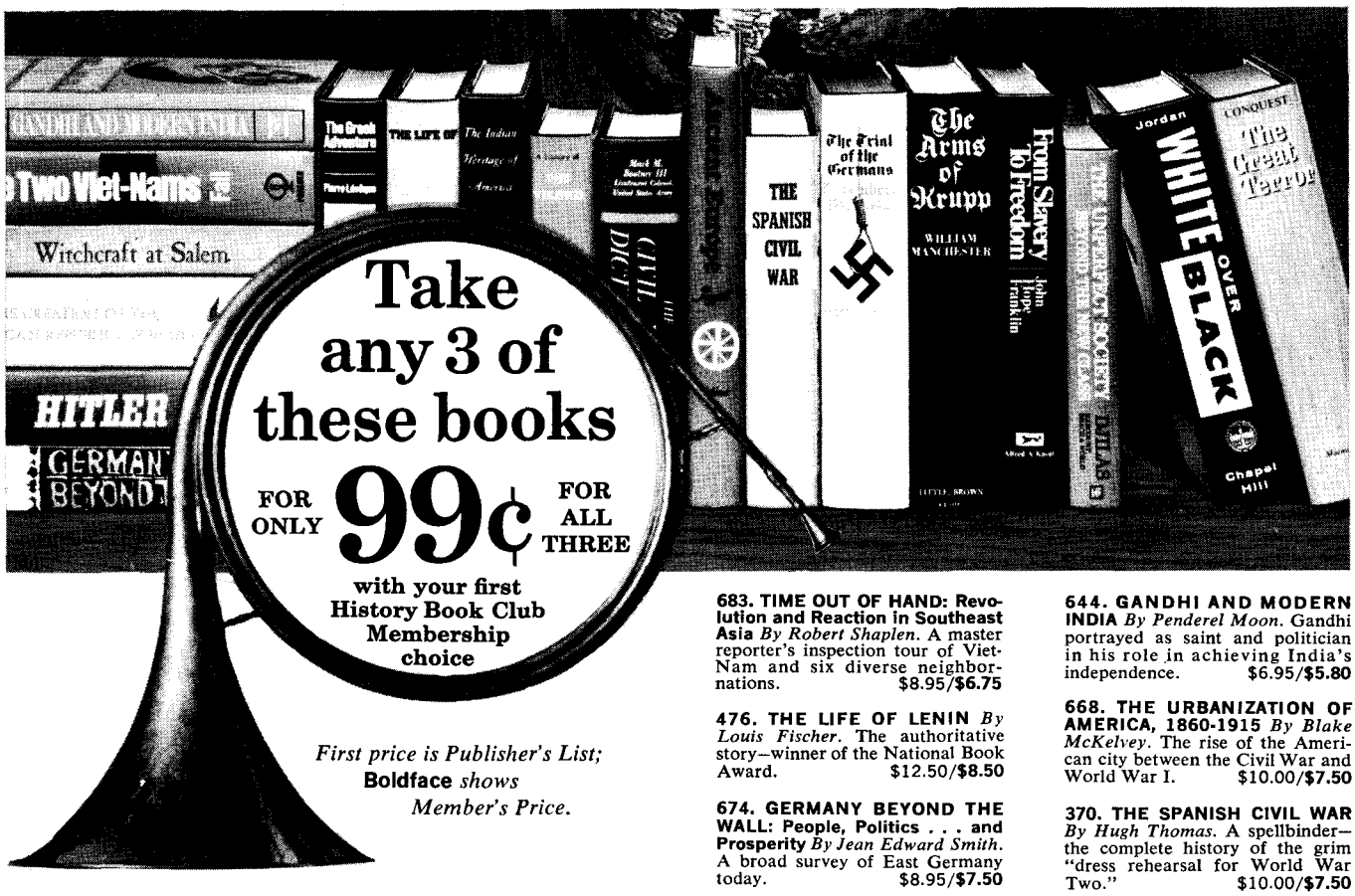

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One guy we asked does fifty push-ups. Another goes for a thirty minute walk. And a third recommends three cold showers at five minute intervals.

You will also hear about thyroid extract, "special" pills, and Vitamin B. You will be told about packaged oxygen. And informed that a spoonful of Tabasco sauce can make you forget anything that ails you.

You can lie down with an ice pack. Sit up with a soft-spoken friend. Drink tomato juice with a twist of lemon. Drown your sorrows in Colombian coffee. Or try the most famous cure of all—biting the dog that bit you.

But no matter what you do to amuse yourself (or convince yourself) the only thing that will cure a hangover is time. The body oxidizes alcohol at its own rate, and there's no way to speed up the process.

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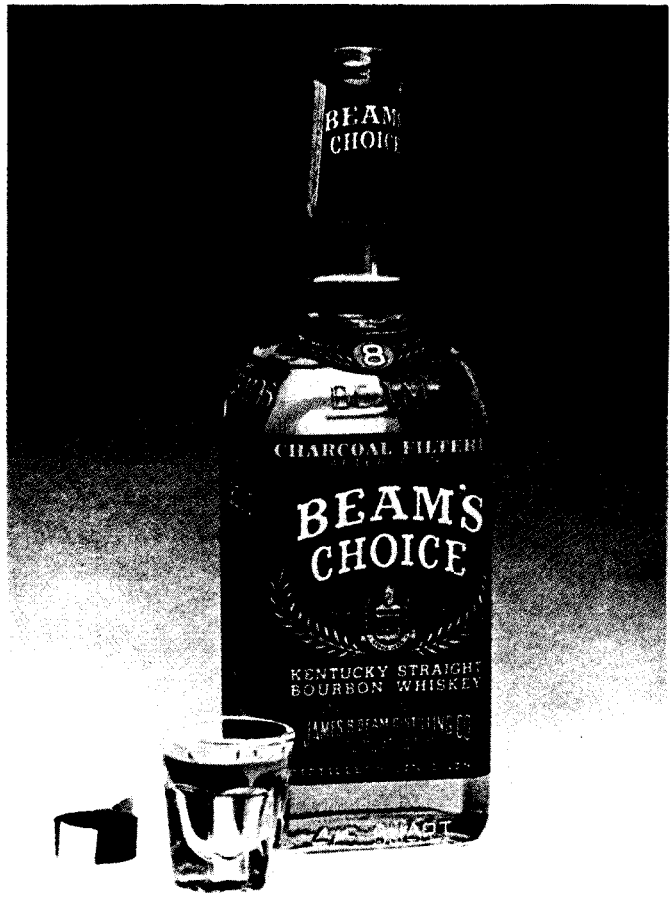

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